

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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No. 156 --VOL. VI.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1858.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

THE MESSRS. BUTTERFIELD.

MR. JOHN BUTTERFIELD, SENIOR, whose portrait we engrave, and whose name is now so prominently before the public in connection with the Overland Mail Route to California, which his energy has established, was born about the year 1798, in the county of Albany, New York, where his earliest years were spent. While quite a youth, however, he removed to Utica, and this town has subsequently been his home.

Mr. Butterfield is one of those energetic and far-seeing men of business who help to make our country what it is, and he can enjoy the satisfaction of reflecting that the success of his career has been earned by his own unaided efforts. He was connected at an early period with the old Red Bird line of mail coaches, owned by Parker & Sons, which, forty years ago, accommodated all the travel between Albany and Buffalo; and from the position of an agent in this concern he soon rose to become a proprietor, laying here the foundation of his future success. Mr. Butterfield's advancement was so rapid that he shortly became the owner of all the stage lines radiating from Utica. He also set on foot the Lake Ontario Steam and Canal Boat Company, which was, in its day, one of the most successful lines in the country, and which continued to be so until the progress of the railway system destroyed the business.

Mr. Butterfield's frequent visit to Washington, in connection with the mail contracts, which he from time to time obtained, led to his devotion of much attention to the workings of the electric telegraph at the period of its first establishment, fourteen years ago, between Washington and Baltimore. Quick to perceive the immense advantages which must result from this invention, he

effected an arrangement with Professor Morse and Amos Kendall, by which the patent for telegraphic communication between New York and the Lakes was vested in himself and his associates. A company was at once formed, and was successfully carried into activity. Mr. Butterfield officiated for a long time as its president, and is now a director, besides being one of the largest holders of its stock. The elder members of the press throughout the State will call to mind the fact that Mr. Butterfield's management of this line was widely applauded on account of the liberal spirit in which it was carried on.

Some ten or eleven years since Mr. Butterfield first occupied himself with the express business, in which he established himself as a competitor to Wells & Co., who were among the earliest pioneers in this business. Despite the great difficulties which lay in his way, Mr. Butterfield succeeded in building up a concern which speedily acquired a large share of the public patronage, and the result was that a consolidation of the opposing interests took place, and that the American Express Company, now so well known and so popular throughout the Union, was formed.

Some time since, when the first meeting to consider the Atlantic Telegraph was held at the house of Cyrus W. Field, when Messrs. Wilson G. Hunt, Peter Cooper and others were present, Mr. Butterfield was of the number, but declined entering into the operations of the Atlantic Cable Company. Whether his usual prudence and good judgment here deserted or befriended him in this matter is yet to be determined.

Soon after the act of Congress was passed authorizing the Post Master General to make a contract for a mail route from St. Louis or some point on the Mississippi to San Francisco, a committee

appointed from the business men of St. Louis, who were anxious that this great undertaking should be properly carried out according to the letter and spirit of the contract, came to New York with the avowed purpose of seeking out John Butterfield to take the contract in hand, feeling assured, as they stated to him, that if once he said the word, nothing could prevent his getting the contract, and carrying it out as they wished it to be done. For many years his name had been on the books of the department as a contractor, and not a single failure, neglect or fine stood against him. This of itself was a weighty consideration in the selection of a contractor. The representatives of the St. Louis committee sought Mr. Butterfield out on their arrival in this city, but he was too much engaged to meet them. They then laid the matter before his son, Col. Butterfield of New York, and his son-in-law, Alexander Holland, who made an appointment for the father which was met, and after an interview of about two hours duration, Mr. Butterfield determined to bid for the contract. The company organized by Mr. B. consisted of Messrs. Fargo, Dinsmore, Livingston, and others of the prominent expressmen of the country. The contract was obtained and the splendid results are now familiar to all. Though now sixty years of age, Mr.

B. is as active and energetic as a man of half his years, and bids fair to give many a day of useful labor to the complete organization and success of the settlements that will add immense value to the land-grants pre-empted by the Overland Mail Company. He has earned a handsome fortune and a good name, which the success of his last undertaking will cause to be long and favorably remembered.

His son, John Butterfield, jr., was, as will be remembered, the driver of the first mail coach from the eastern terminus of the stage line to San Francisco. He will reside in California, and take an active part in the management of the Company's affairs.

To enlarge on the benefits that must accrue to our country from the success of the enterprise so skilfully planned and so energetically carried out by the association—at the head of which Mr. Butterfield, senior, has stood from the first—would be a superfluous task, since the subject has been so fully discussed both in our own columns and in the press generally; but we may legitimately point out in this connection the additional gravity now acquired by the arguments in favor of a railroad to the Pacific, the accomplishment of which has been so long but at the same time so fruitlessly desired. A number of years have now elapsed since Mr. Asa Whitney first broached the plan of constructing an iron road across the Continent, and since his ideas were first placed before the public, the momentous subject has never for an instant lost its importance, which increases daily, on the contrary, with the already unparalleled growth of our sister commonwealths, California, Oregon and Washington. Yet the miserable sectional disputes in which our rulers and legislators delight in involving themselves—the puerile jealousies



JOHN BUTTERFIELD, PRESIDENT OVERLAND MAIL COMPANY.



JOHN BUTTERFIELD, JR., DRIVER OF THE FIRST MAIL COACH OVERLAND TO SAN FRANCISCO.

between North and South, as if it were possible to benefit the one without the other, so long as they remain nationally one—have retarded the commencement of this great enterprise. Now, however, that a line of road has been actually created, and a chain of settlements formed between the already inhabited portions of Western Texas and the frontier towns in Eastern California, Congress and the Administration must be shamed into respective origination and support of a comprehensive scheme, unbiassed by any mere partisan considerations, for the speedy completion of railway communication between the Western States and those bordering on the Pacific. We believe urgency in pressing this national requirement on the attention of Congress to be desirable under any circumstances, but especially so when we consider that our great competitor, England, is silently maturing plans for the construction of a British railway to the northward of our territory, which may yet forestall us in gathering to the nation that possesses it the advantages—so enormous as to be still incalculable—to ensue upon its construction. The British North American Colonies—the two Canadas, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—are all not only looking anxiously for the consummation of these English plans, but are also ready to assist them from their several treasuries. It therefore behoves us to be active—to follow the precedent set us by energetic Mr. Butterfield, and work instead of talk.

LOVE'S DEVOTION.

Speak to me only of the maid
Who won my dreamy youth;
Speak to me only of the maid
I love with soul of truth.
Whisper to me no other's name,
And for no other beauty claim.
Her eyes are softly, darkly brown,
And so blue eyes I scorn;
Her hazel curls fall cloudlike on
A brow as fair as morn,
And hence I mock at golden hair,
Which shall for me no magic bear.
I swear no other maid can own
A form so lithe with grace!
A voice so dulcet in its tone—
So eloquent a face,
Where thought and passion bravely speak
On musing brow and blushing cheek.
Gather the fairest maids that star
This lovely world of ours,
My lady shall outshine them far,
The rose of human flower!
Then cry speak to me of her
Who is my heart's sweet conqueror!

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

Mrs. Swanston.—This lady has, in the most emphatic manner, denied that she applied to the Sheriff for a ticket to witness the execution of Rogers. Having alluded to the report we copy her letter:

"You will oblige me by contradicting the rumour which has been set afloat by some of the papers, that I applied to the Sheriff for admission to the fairs yard to see Rogers hanged. It is entirely false. I never desired to be present, and I feel it to be an act of great cruelty to have such a statement circulated. It gives the public reason to believe that I had pleasure in the execution of that unfortunate boy. What happiness could any one have in keeping alive the memory of circumstances so horrible, by witnessing the tortures of the murderer? It would only freshen up my own sufferings and be an ungrateful return for the sympathy which has been freely extended to me by many good people."

MARGARET SWANSTON.
Upon which the *New York Daily Times* adds: "This is all very well, and may be held to settle the matter so far as Mrs. S. is concerned. But it is clear that somebody, personating Mrs. Swanston, did call at the Sheriff's office, and that a gentleman who was with her applied for a ticket to enable her to be present at the execution. We should be glad to know who it was."

Exhibition of a Steam Fire Engine.—The steam fire engine *Elipse*, built in Cincinnati by Mr. Latia, and brought to this city a few days since for exhibition, played at the Park fountain Thursday afternoon, and attracted a throng of spectators. It is the twentieth machine of the kind that has been constructed, and performed admirably. Two streams of water, each one inch and an eighth in diameter, were thrown simultaneously to great distances. The force of the machine threw streams horizontally to a distance of two hundred and sixty feet. The vertical streams reached the height of one hundred and seventy feet. The Broadway Bank, a very lofty building on the western side of Broadway, had its roof reached from the hose placed inside the Park railings, and the power was constant. The construction of the *Elipse* is similar to all of the specimens previously made by Mr. Latia. The engine's self-propelling, requires but little fuel, and is a handsome piece of mechanism. It goes directly to Boston for exhibition. The cost of the engine is five thousand five hundred dollars each.

Lecture by Professor Silliman on the Electric Telegraph.—A lecture was delivered last Tuesday in the Cooper Institute, before the Mercantile Library Association of this city, by Professor Benjamin Silliman, Jr., on "The History and Science of the Electric Telegraph." The audience was large, but, whether because of the decay of interest in the subject, the lack of familiarity with its more scientific details, or the execrable misadaptation of the lecture-room in all its acoustic arrangements, the assembly thinned by degrees, and even exhibited so impolite haste in rushing out pell-mell while the lecturer was concluding his address. And yet the lecture was as popular in its explanations as the subject would admit of, and the illustrative experiments were most interesting and most successful. Mr. Silliman traced the history of electro-magnetism from the period of the crude but invaluable discoveries of Volta and Galvani, through Oersted and subsequent experimentalists, down to those of our own day, of whom Morse, House and Hughes were especially entitled to commendation for their practical improvements on the telegraphic art. He expressed his belief in the practicability of an ocean telegraph between Europe and America, but thought that more delicate apparatus would be required than the now in use.

Hoboken.—Judge Whitley, poet, painter, philosopher—and pig driver—for a man who tries to instruct his fellow-creatures under that category, has published a very neat little pamphlet called "A Guide to the Elysian Fields." It is somewhat disfigured by a clumsy article, half fact, half fiction, by Mr. Labree, but, despite this drawback, it gives a relish to the charming scenery of Hoboken. There is a little too much puffing of men, who, though they own property, are little better than "colored puss-ones," but as they do doubtless pay well for their praise in solid pudding, we have no objection to accept it *cum grano salis*, which, being interpreted, means, "we hope they do not expect us to believe it."

A Year's Crime.—The Metropolitan Police have just prepared their annual retrospect of crime; also their own statistics; the results are: The whole police force is 1,247; 25 captains, 104 sergeants, 44 round-men, 970 patrolmen, 60 detailed men, and 53 detectives. The total number of arrests has been 60,585, of which 17,421 were for 36,065. United States 10,008, Germany 5,932, England 2,598, Scotland 836, France 267, Canada 201, Italy 147, Spain 47, Poland 43, Sweden 30, Norway 11, Holland 10, Prussia 15, China 8, West Indies 6, Denmark 6, Switzerland 2, Nova Scotia 1, Mexico 1, Chili 1, Unknown 4,237. Among these were 666 colored persons. The amount of property reported as having been stolen is \$137,448 78, of which \$53,942 47 has been recovered, leaving a balance unrecovered of \$83,506 31. From the Telegraph office there have been sent 78,366 messages. Lost children restored to parents, 4,228. Fires extinguished, 408. Brides found open, 227. Rescued from drowning, 31. Abandoned infants, 23. Lodged in the station-houses, 52,137. During the year there have been made 10,902 complaints to the District Attorney for violation of the Sunday Liquor Law. About 12,000 days have been lost by policemen being sick and disabled from duty.

Brooklyn Collectors.—The police made a great haul last week in Brooklyn, where they arrested quite a nest of counterfeiters. Said to say, two of the fair sex were caught. The value of the materials taken was nearly \$5,000, and above \$1,000 of good money were among the spoils. One unfortunate man, who had no connection with their suspicious plans, was found in their society, and taken to the lock house. He, however, cleared himself, and was released. It is supposed that from this one man a one \$60,000 bogus money have been issued every year for some years past. Their mint was a neat cottage in Myrtle avenue.

The Police Homicide.—Calms, the policeman who shot the sailor last week, and who was held to answer before the Grand Jury for the crime, has been released on \$10,000 bail. It was an unjustifiable act that there is little question he ought to be severely punished. The evidence clearly establishes that he shot the man deliberately and when he was so close that the wadding burnt his coat. The Grand Jury have, however, since thrown out the bill.

What American Wines are Made of.—Hiram Cox, M. D., of Cincinnati, has made the following startling statement: "During the summer of 1856 I analyzed a lot of liquors for some conscientious gentlemen of our own city, who would not permit me to take samples to my office, but insisted on my bringing my chemicals and apparatus to their store that they might see the operations. I accordingly repaired to their store and analyzed samples of sixteen different wines. Among these were port wine, sherry wine and Madeira wine. The distilled liquors were some pure and some vile and poisonous."

constitutions; but the wines had not one drop of the juice of the grape. The basis of the port wine was diluted sulphuric acid, colored with elderberry juice, with alum, sugar and neutral spirits. The basis of the sherry wine was a sort of pale malt, sulphuric acid, from the bitter almond oil, with a percentage of alcoholic spirits from brandy. The basis of the Madeira was a decoction of hops, with sulphuric acid, honey, spirits from Jamaica rum, &c. The same week, after analyzing the above and exhibiting the results and character of the liquors in the proprietors' vision of one of our chums as informed me that he had purchased a gallon of the above port wine to be used in his church on the next Sabbath for sacramental purposes, and that for this mixture of sulphuric acid, alum and elderberry juice, he paid \$2 50 a gallon. "Surely the above is a better temperance lecture than all the Gough discourses in the world!"

A New York Alderman in Persia.—The inimitable Charles Dickens, in his "Barnaby Rudge," makes Denals, the haughty man, say when summing up the manifold merits of his great patron, George the Third, "What a Ketch he would have made! When Nature made him a king she spoiled him!" The unphilosophical reader is informed that "a Ketch" is the vulgar, or English, which is the same thing, for a haughty man. In like manner, we said, on reading the following description of a thief, what a New York Alderman is here wasted!

A letter from Toheran of the 15th of September says: "The examination made into the accounts of Mirza-Agha-Khan, ex-Sadrang (Prime Minister), who, with his two sons, is still in custody, has revealed facts which are almost incredible. Thus, though his salary was not less than 1,000,000 francs a year, he appropriated annually 6,000,000 francs; and during the war with England he levied on all the country a tax, which he called 'Tax for the Holy War,' which amounted to 12,000,000 francs; but of that sum only one fourth went into the treasury, the three others not having been accounted for by him and his creatures."

Going to the Bad.—The gentleman who writes the Washington letters for the daily papers—for, although varied and contradictory, they are written by the same person—must be funnier than Burton or our comic artists. Here is a specimen:

"The rumor is current here that Governor Floyd will resign the War Department for a foreign mission, and will be succeeded by Attorney-General Black. Judge Holt, the present Commissioner of Patents, it is stated, is to succeed Judge Black. Where Governor Floyd is to go is not stated. Mr. Calais has written to the President that he will return home in the spring, and Mr. Gay has been recalled from Paris. I also learn that Mr. Prentiss declines the mission to Spain, after having intimated his acceptance. The President has determined to reduce Pennsylvania's share of the public spoils."

Strange to say that the writer did not tell what Old Cass said when he found that the President had playfully pinned Forney's tartarous speech to his coat, to the great amusement of the little boys who ran behind him all up Pennsylvania avenue!

The Ferry Collision.—The death of Mr. Bishop, of Hempstead, at the New York Hospital, from injuries received at the time of the collision of the two Peck slip ferry-boats, it is said, will give rise to a claim for exemplary damages against the Ferry Company. Mr. Bishop leaves a wife and several children.

We find the above in a Brooklyn paper. We trust the friends of Mrs. Bishop will compel these Molochs to disgorge some of their ill-gotten gains in the shape of damages. The conduct of the Ferry Companies is becoming daily worse. There is no choice between them. Vanderbilt, Stevens and George Law are all alike; they stand branded as men who, to save a few dollars, would rather sacrifice human life. It is one of the hardest stones (as Lord Bacon says) to point to such men, and say they are fellow-creatures. One of these millionaires is a septuagenarian paralytic, with a fruitful wife of one-third his age. There is some reason, therefore, for his parsimony, in view of his prospective family, but the others have no such virtuous excuse.

Very Paraglyphic!—"It was announced that General Patz and suite would sail for Venezuela yesterday in the steamer *Westernport*, one of the Paraguay vessels, and that the election had been made by the General himself. He did not sail. It is a pity that those acquainted with the vessel that her boilers are in an unsafe condition, and that two engineers detailed for taking her out have resigned their commissions." Shades of Andrew Jackson! And these are the vessels to drive John Bull and the *Frigate* from Central America! Where's Isaiah Rynders? Where's Nicholas Seagrist, the Sage of Boom Island?

A Pleasant Wife to Live With.—In the investigation of the Valley Falls poisoning case, one of the witnesses testified that three or four years ago Mrs. Studley intimated to her how she could dispose of her husband. The following was Mrs. Studley's (the Mrs. Jones) advice:

"Mr. Jones, then said: 'I would not bear it; he is not able to do anything, and if he is in danger, why don't you put up with it? Give him something to sit him down, and don't let your right hand know what your left hand doeth. I never let my right hand know what the left hand doeth, by this course I could get along very well. Give him something that would still him down; you would be plagued with him but a little while—for it is nobody's business what we do. I should never get along as. If there are no friends of his here so much the better—there would be nobody to question you.' I did not ask her what she meant by 'stilling him down.'"

The jury returned a verdict to the effect that Mr. Studley came to his death from poison administered by his wife, and a warrant was immediately issued for her arrest.

"A Douglas to the Fray."

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.
When Saxon raid,
With brand and blade,
O'er Scotia's borders came,
And gave the land,
With bloody hand,
To pillage and to flame;
I was then ragt out
The welc me about
From mountain and from bras:
God and our light
Stand firm and fight!
A Douglas to the fray!
Oh! never was
Unworthy cause
Linked with that lying cry,
To friends a spell,
To foes a knell,
When'er it pierced the sky;
And as the shout
Rang freely out,
Fate owned its conquering way:
Stand firm and fight
For truth and right!
A Douglas to the fray!
On story's page,
In every age,
Through every path of fame,
In glory's round
May still be found
Enrolled that deathless name.
Speed, as of old,
The chieftain bold
Who bears it at this day:
Stand firm and fight
For truth and right!
A Douglas to the fray!"

Wants to Fight.—A man in Little Rock, Arkansas, who signs himself A. Gibson, has published a letter in which, by his own showing, he has vainly endeavored to draw Col. F. Terry, the newly elected State Senator, into a duel, which the latter declined on account of being a cripple. Mr. A. Gibson now proposes to Mr. Terry that each shall choose one friend, and enter a room to be selected by the friends, unarmed. Mr. Terry's friend shall then deliver to him one pistol of any kind, and when they have approached within two feet of each other, the word shall be given "fight!" Mr. G. allows Mr. T. a pistol to compensate for his crippled shoulder; or, under like circumstances as above, they shall have their left arms lashed fast together, and each have a pistol, equal in every respect, placed in his hand, and at the word, "make ready and fire!" the fight to commence. This Mr. Gibson will certainly spoil, if a nobody does not soon accede to him.

Gospel News.—The *Public Ledger* has a most interesting letter from an officer on board the *Poshaman*. We give the following interesting extract: "I am going to mention a most interesting fact. Day before yesterday, August 1, 1858, I attended divine service upon the soil of Japan. We had our chaplain, Mr. William Wood, in a large heathen temple, several good voices, and nearly a hundred of ourselves, officers and men from this ship and the *Mississippi*. The temple was the residence which had been assigned Mr. Harri, and that gentleman and his secretary were, of course, present. We had the Episcopal morning service, two hymns and a very appropriate sermon. This, I suppose, was the first Protestant service ever held in Japan. 'Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.'"

Whiskey Judge.—Charles Edwards Lester, one of the most eloquent but wayward of our politicians, in his *Democratic Age* has an admirable article called "The Constitution must be changed." There is no doubt we have already outgrown the governmental suit made for us by Washington when we were breeches in 1783, and require one more suitable to our giant frame. Our judges require certain another process than coming to us through the bal of oyle, especially when it is stuffed by rowdies and flons. We quote an anecdote Lester gives:

As an illustration of the detrimental policy of an elective Judiciary, the present Bench of Louisiana is a striking instance. The Bench of the Supreme Court of that State, which was presided over by Chief Justice Martin, was one of the ablest in the Union. When the Constitution of Louisiana was changed to admit of an elective Judiciary, Judge Simon, one of the old bench, and a distinguished jurist, was urged to become a candidate as one of the Justices of the Court. He ran in what is called the Orleans District, settled principally by the French or Creole population, and the Judge met with a terrible defeat. Afterwards, on being asked how it was that he was so badly defeated, he re-

plied as follows: "Well, sir, I shall tell you. When I present myself before as a candidate of one of the different towns in my district, I say, 'My friends, I am a candidate for one of the Justices of the Supreme Court; if you think me worthy of your suffrage, I shall be happy to secure your votes.' Well, sir, a huge fellow, with a red shirt and bar arms, slap me on the shoulder, with a force sufficient to dislocate it, and say to me, 'Come on, Judge, old fellow, leave us a couple of dollars, take a drink with us.' I say, 'I thank you, my friends, but I never drink with any body.' 'Go to—don't be so ruffian-like,' says he, 'you will not drink with us, we will see you down before we shall vote for you.' And he says, 'My friends, I would not drink so rot-gut as red-eye whiskey, they call as whiskey—I lose my election.'"

[A lex to observe that the strong and vulgar words in the above quotation are chargeable to Mr. C. E. Lester, and not to us.—E. F. L. I. F.]

Widows, Beware!—We confess to small sympathy with widows, who, with grown up daughters of fifteen, marry again, more especially when they are independent, and consequently thus openly confess themselves the votaries of a goddess whose temple is Mirror street. We consider such ladies as on a par with gentlemen who allow their wives to be taken to the opera by some elegant and literary boarder, while he the original owner of the cellar, wanders about stroking a scrubby beard, and taking stray glasses of lager—his native beverage. Such men, one and all, husband and gallant, should have a taste of Blackwell's Island! Victor Curveller, a Frenchman, about forty years of age, became acquainted with a respectable French widow lady living at No. 27 Greene street, named Frigau. His politeness, good looks and good clothes, won the widow's confidence. The husband of Madame Frigau, who had been a jeweller in Paris, died several years ago, and it was whispered that he left her a handsome competence. Keenly alive to the charming comfort of a good bank account, he proposed marriage, was accepted, and the nuptials took place six weeks ago. The supposed bank account proved much less than was anticipated, and indignantly at the discovery, Curveller commenced brutally beating his wife. On the 13th of October last he ascertained his wife in such a brutal manner, that the poor woman, feeling her life endangered, complained of her conduct to the police authorities. A daughter, fifteen years of age, by the former husband of Madame Frigau, accompanied her to the Tomb, where the complaint was preferred. On their return they found Curveller had broken open their trunks and absconded with nearly all of their wearing apparel, the silver plate, a gold watch and chain, and other jewellery, altogether amounting to \$50 in value. A search was made for the absconding husband and missing property. Most of the missing articles were traced to pawnbrokers, where he had pledged them. The husband was found, after diligent search, concealed in the house of a friend in the upper part of the city. He was taken to the Tomb, tried for the assaults upon his wife, and sentenced for four months to Blackwell's Island. This charge being disposed of, he was arraigned to answer the charge of wholesale robbery, the examination upon the latter charge taking place next day before Justice Welsh at the City Hall Police Court. The wife and daughter told the story of the robbery, and clerks employed in various pawnbrokers' establishments testified to having received the missing goods from the accused in pledge for money loaned. The magistrate decided that, although the conduct of the prisoner had been shown to be utterly heartless, the evidence against him failed to support the charge of larceny, inasmuch as Curveller took property belonging to his wife, and legally could not be adjudged guilty of theft. Following this decision the prisoner was removed from the court-room, to serve out the previous sentence of four months' imprisonment on Blackwell's Island.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

The Canada brings news from Europe to the 6th inst. The United States frigate *Niagara* arrived at St. Vincent, en route for Monrovia with her cargo of rescued negroes. Fifty seven out of the two hundred and seventy-one had died during the passage.

The *London Times*, in an editorial of great power and earnestness, urges upon the United States the necessity of taking possession of Mexico, and adds that any attempt on the part of Spain to attack Mexico will accelerate the triumph of Anglo-Americanism. John Bull is resigned to our manifest destiny on this continent.

Lord Derby's continued attacks of gout have led to the report that Lord John Russell will succeed him in the Premiership. Bright, the Quaker pugilist, has been required by the Reform Conference to draw up a new reform Bill, to run against the Ministerial one. Bright has no real hold on the English heart; he is only great among those who have balls of cotton where hearts ought to be, and who think that the soul of man is made of the same material as Sheffield cutlery. Bright is a man entirely devoid of national honor; he is a cross-breed between Esau and Benedict Arnold—he would sell his birthright as a freeman for an ad valorem duty, and considers no oath binding without it is sworn upon the ledger.

Mr. Gladstone is about proceeding to the Ionian Islands, to arrange some difficulties there.

Gold mines have been discovered in the Province of San Luis, Buenos Ayres.

FRANCE.

The approaching trial of Count Montalembert causes considerable excitement. He will defend himself, and will appear at the bar surrounded by the most eminent men in France. It is considered one of the boldest moves yet made by Louis Napoleon to try so popular and influential a man. He wields the entire power of the Republic.

AUSTRALIA.

The Yield of Gold.—From the first discovery of the gold fields in Victoria up to the end of last year, the Government exchequer had brought down to Melbourne 11,467,472 ounces of gold, the value of which is estimated at \$44,850,000. During the above period the total amount of revenue derived from the gold fields, in lieu of the export duty, was nearly three millions sterling, out of which about £1,583,000 had been expended in making and repairing roads from Melbourne to the various gold-fields.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

General News.—The royal mail steamship *Dane*, Commander Robert Maynard, arrived at Plymouth on Thursday morning. Her dates are Table Bay, September 21; St. Helena, September 30; Ascension, October 4. Sir Geo. Grey opened a conference on the 13th of September on the frontier, with a view to the reconciliation of the President of the Free State and Mosheles. His Excellency and the General commanding the force have had an interview, at which it was decided to send every available soldier to India. The *Megara* is appointed to embark the 60th Rifles at East London for Bombay. The Prince Arthur has received Captain Cleveland's field battery, and is to embark three hundred and fifty Germans at East London. The *Sincom* will convey the 31st. The remainder of the 2d Queen's are preparing to embark. The flag-ship *Boscawen*, from the Cape has arrived at the Mauritius. Four vessels have left Algiers Bay, and one Table Bay, with horses for India. Several others are embarking horses. The mailcoach has extended from Cape Town to the adjacent villages. Some fatal cases have occurred, but vaccination appears successful. The elections for the Legislative Council are close, but the state of the poll was not published. Upwards of two thousand of the German Legion have volunteered for India. The *Edward Oliver* arrived at Table Bay, September 12, with four hundred and seventy-three immigrants. The troop ship *Merchantman*, for India, arrived in Table Bay on the 12th, with the crew of the emigrant ship *Eastern City*, burnt at sea on the 23rd of August (only one man lost). The mixed British and Portuguese Commission Court have decided that the evidence was not sufficient to justify the seizure of the *Flor de Mozambique* by Her Majesty's ship *Lyra*. Four slave vessels have been captured and sent into St. Helena.

JIDDAH.

The *London Times* says that Mr. Sabatier and Captain Pullen left Suez for Jiddah on the 5th inst., by the *Cypriote*. It is understood that for the present the two Commissioners will occupy themselves exclusively with the adjustment of the claims brought forward by the European merchants, for losses and damage sustained through the late outbreak. The total amount of the indemnity demanded is said to exceed \$500,000. Small Pasha and his prisoners have gone on to Constantinople. What may be the intentions of the Porte it is difficult to conjecture, but for the present Jiddah continues without a Turkish Commissioner.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

Miss Amy Sedgwick.—This young actress, whose name has lately been drawn more prominently than usual before the public, in consequence of her rumored liaison with Charles Dickens, has lately been married, to Dr. Parker, her medical attendant. This would appear to set the question at rest so far as the scandal about Dickens was concerned. Parker's daughter has written a new comedy for her, which she will appear in at the Haymarket after Christmas.

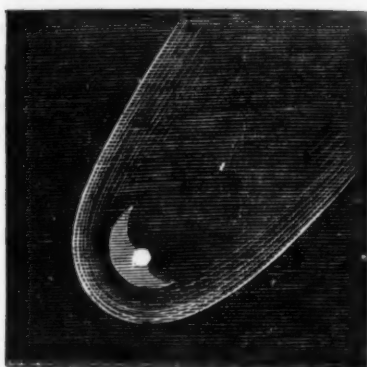
A Pleasant Item.—We find in a London paper that the Gorgon arrived at Woolwich lately. This vessel left Woolwich on the 27th April last, for the purpose of assisting in the laying of the Atlantic telegraph cable. After taking charge of her huge consort, the *Niagara*, and conducting her in safety to Trinity Bay, where, from the very great deviation of her compasses—continually altering—she never could have reached without the most unwearied attention on the part of the British ship, the *Gorgon* proceeded to the head of Placentia Bay, and took a line of soundings from there to Sydney, Cape Breton. From thence she was summoned by Admiral Stewart to Halifax, as the Common Council of New York had applied, through Lord Napier, that the officers and men of the *Gorgon* might be allowed to attend the celebration of the laying of the telegraph cable. Five of these officers proceeded on board to New York, where they were received with the greatest cordiality, and treated with magnificent hospitality. But and poor seemed to rise with each other in the backs of Newfoundland, and Spain, to the English Channel, another line of soundings was taken, with great care and accuracy. The *Gorgon* was inspected and her crew complimented by Commodore Shepherd on Thursday. Our readers will remember that our friend, Lieut. Butler, of this famous vessel, had the misfortune to be insulted by that notorious rowdy Alderman, McSplicton, (thank Heaven, the man is not an American).

A Steady "Old Gal."—The *Levy's Newspaper* mentions a most remarkable case, and it is so well authenticated that it is doubtless a fact. A lady

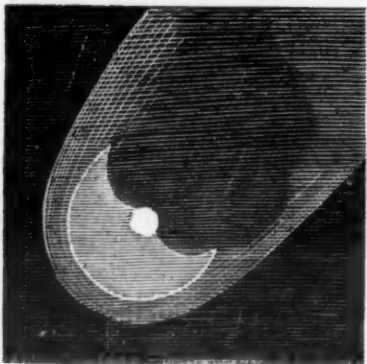
Our engravings represent telescopic views of it in different stages of its increase and decrease, and exhibit the phenomenon of a sight of the moon and stars through the head itself of the celestial wanderer. It has now entirely faded out of sight, and will continue to increase the distance between itself and the earth for the space one thousand years, until it turns to hasten, during another thousand, towards our sphere. We may expect it back about the year 3900.



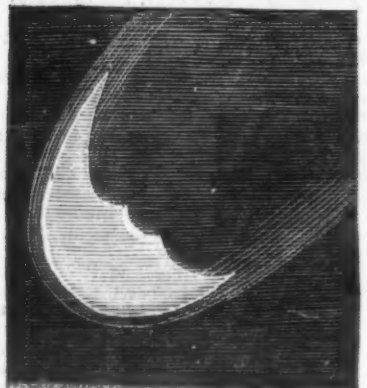
DONATI'S COMET, AS SEEN FROM THE CAMBRIDGE OBSERVATORY, ENGLAND, ON OCTOBER 11, 1858.—SEE PAGE 41.



Sept. 21, 8h. p.m.

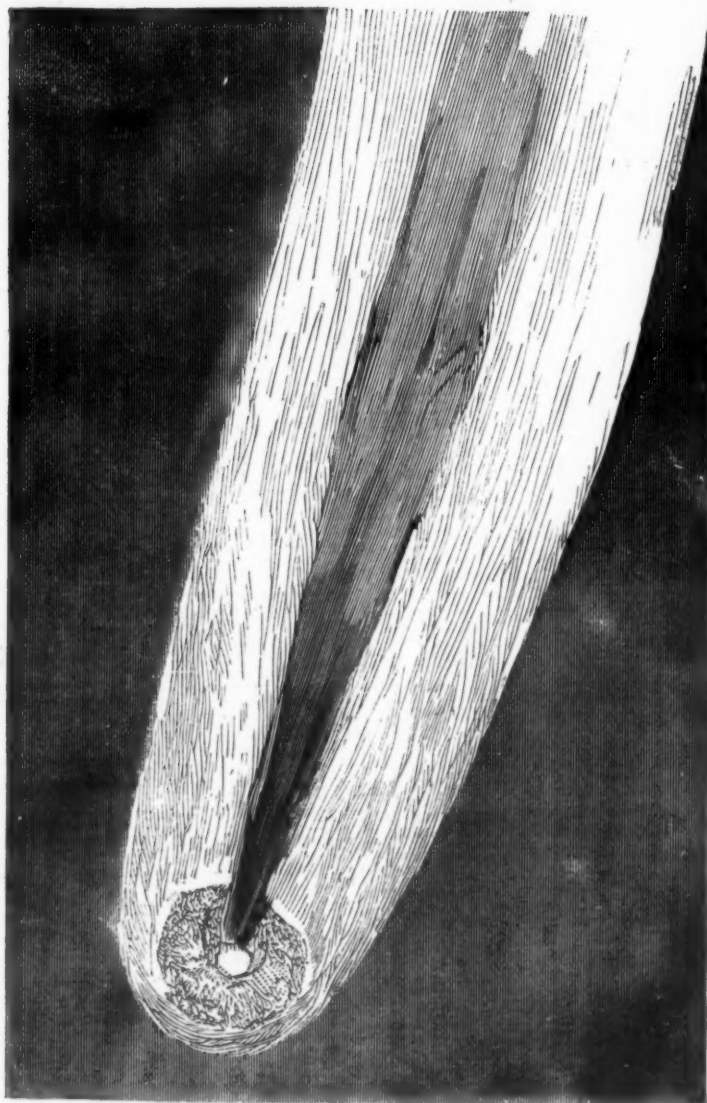


Sept. 24, 8h. p.m.

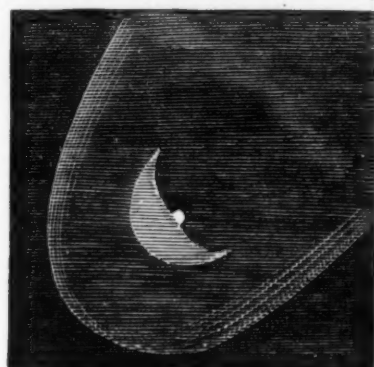


Sept. 25, 7 1/2h. p.m.

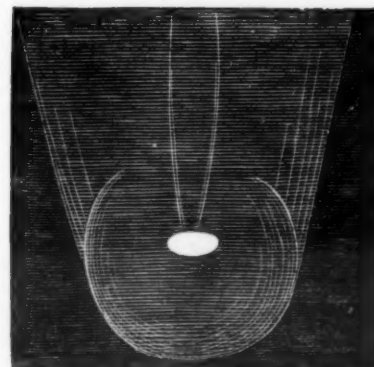
TELESCOPIC APPEARANCES OF DONATI'S COMET AS SEEN FROM THE CAMBRIDGE OBSERVATORY.



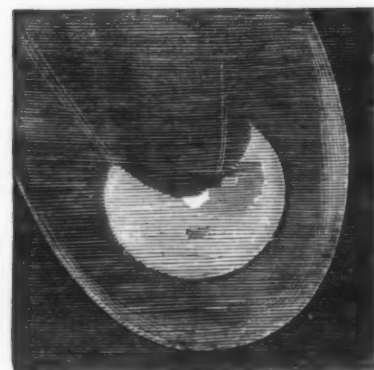
TELESCOPIC APPEARANCE OF DONATI'S COMET AS SEEN FROM SLATER'S OBSERVATORY, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, ON THE MORNING OF OCT. 1.



Sept. 27, 7h. p.m.



Sept. 30, 8h. p.m.



Oct. 5, 6 1/2h. p.m.

TELESCOPIC APPEARANCES OF DONATI'S COMET AS SEEN FROM THE CAMBRIDGE OBSERVATORY.



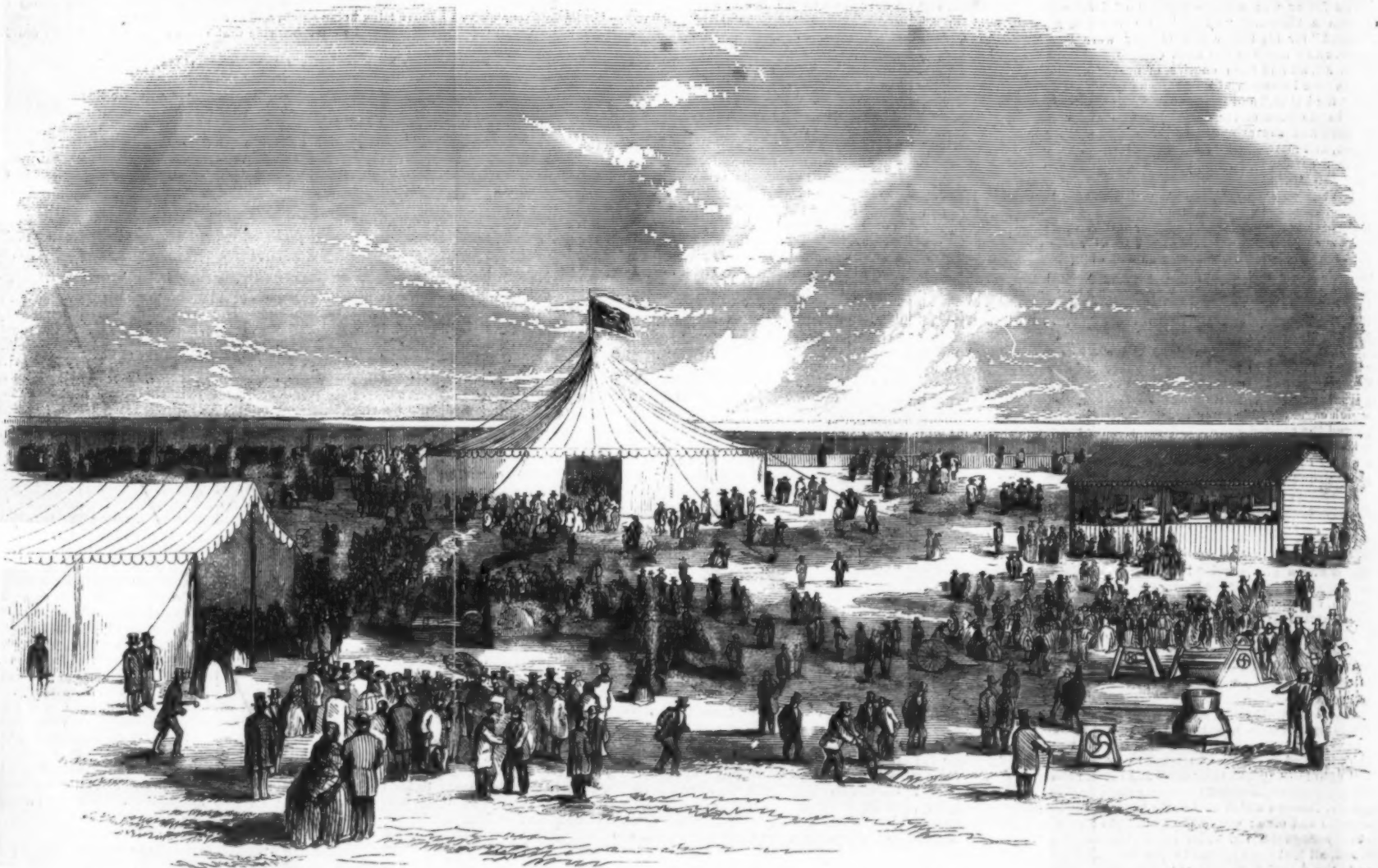
RANAVOLO MUNJAKA, QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR, AND THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.

THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR

THE present dynasty in this important island is of quite recent origin, and its representative, Queen Ranavolo Munjaka, is only the second ruler who has claimed sovereignty over all Madagascar. Prior to 1810 the population of Madagascar was composed of various independent savage tribes, of African, Arabic and Malay origin. Those on the coast represented the African element, and those of the interior, who led a wandering life, still

possessed in a great measure the character of their Arab and Malay forefathers. The most powerful of these tribes at the period of which we speak was the Ovas, headed by a chief named Radhama. Gifted with an energetic mind and an ambitious spirit, this prince resolved to obtain the submission of the other inhabitants of the island, and establish a kingdom. In this he succeeded. He soon found himself everywhere triumphant, and at the head of an army of thirty thousand men, most of them

armed with muskets. During his reign civilization made great progress, and European missionaries were protected. After his death, which happened in 1828, the Queen Ranavolo prohibited Christianity, and in 1845 all Europeans were expelled by her command. It has been even hinted that Radhama came by his death unfairly, and that a conspiracy was formed between the Queen and Ministers, the one jealous of her rivals, the others disgusted at the liberal tendencies of the King; but no absolute



NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL FAIR AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—SEE PAGE 405.

proof of this assertion has been adduced. Renavolo is represented as a woman of energetic and intelligent mind, but capricious in temper and sanguinary in disposition—qualities in which the heir to the throne, her eldest son, is not deficient.

The French, as is well known, claim the ownership of Madagascar, and are preparing an expedition to take possession of the island. The grounds on which their claims are based were stated in our paper of October 30th.

(Written expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

THE BEAUTIFUL VAGRANT: A TALE OF LIFE'S CHANCES AND CHANGES.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"More evergreens! more evergreens!" exclaimed Bettie, coming towards me; "come, Sir Knight," she continued, "why are you privileged to sit idly here, while we are all at work?"

"Fair lady," exclaimed I, "I will do your bidding; you have but to speak, and I obey! You have but to command, and I fly! You have but to hint, and I—why, I'm off!"

"Beautiful and sublime climax!" exclaimed Harry, who was closely following Mary to the spot where I was sitting.

"We want some holly, too, Cousin Dick," said Mary, "and we want it as full of berries as possible."

"Suppose you and I go and hunt some," said I to Mary.

"Selfish mortal!" exclaimed Harry; "suppose we all go!"

"Certainly," said Bettie; "that will be the best way; then we can all suit ourselves."

Tompkins was close at Bettie's heels, of course. At this moment he brightened up, looking as if he had some wonderful communication to make, the vast importance of which was almost too great for utterance. Sidling awkwardly up, he said,

"Miss Bettie, s'p-o-e we go a horseback? You're welcome to ride Black Bob; he ain't dangerous." So saying, Mr. Tompkins pointed out of the window to where his horse stood hitched under the tree. "There he stands, Miss Bettie," said Tompkins; look at him! And he cast the most tender glances first at Black Bob, and then at Bettie. It was evident they shared his affections.

"Thank you, Mr. Tompkins," said Bettie, biting her pretty lips to restrain a smile; "but I think he looks rather skittish. I would prefer—"

"Oh, no, Miss Bettie," hastily interrupted Mr. Tompkins, "he ain't skittish, he's only skary." Mr. Tompkins did not explain to the listening hearers the exact difference between skittish and skary.

"Thank you, sir," said Bettie, "but I have a pony that isn't skary at all, and I'll send home for him."

Tompkins looked exceedingly crestfallen, but he made a desperate attempt to cover his mortification by what he considered the greatest compliment a lady could receive, and said,

"You needn't have been afraid of Black Bob, Miss Bettie; I'm sure you're equal to him any day; I've seen you ride, and the way you keep your saddle's a caution!"

"Oh, you're mistaken, Mr. Tompkins," laughed Bettie; "I can only ride my pony, and he's gentle as a lamb."

Bettie was fibbing, I'm ashamed to say, for her pony was not particularly gentle, and she was not afraid to mount any horse.

"Don't you think I could ride Black Bob, Mr. Tompkins?" said Mary, with a mischievous twinkle of the eye.

"I—I—perhaps you might, Miss Mary," stammered Tompkins; "any way, you're welcome to him." And Tompkins looked anxiously at Mary for fear she should accept his offer, and then how could he accompany Bettie? Besides he knew that he certainly rode extremely well, and never appeared to such advantage as when seated on his really elegant steed.

But Ned came gallantly to the rescue, with an offer of Lady Bettie, which offer was immediately accepted.

Harry and I appropriated two fine-looking horses, whose owners were busy in the church, for on such occasions everything is public property. And while black Joke and George have gone for Lady Bettie and Bettie's pony, let us say a few words about Mr. Tompkins.

His father was a large planter of long sea-island cotton, and owned a thousand "hands." He thought a great deal of his "blood," for his father and mother were first cousins, and their fathers and mothers had been cousins, and back for several generations all, all had been cousins, of nearer or more remote degree. From time immemorial it had been considered monstrous to marry off "the island," and the adventurous knight who dared propose for the hand of one of their island belles was always dismissed with disgust and supreme contempt. Occasionally some daring spirits arose, and married to suit themselves, but their consorts were always regarded with aversion and suspicion, and treated as intruders and interlopers.

The consequence of this state of things was that these islanders were not remarkable for intelligence, and could not rank particularly high either in the physical or intellectual scale of being.

Now whether Mr. Bobby Tompkins was acute enough to discover that the breed had run out—for he was well posted in these matters in regard to stock raising—or whether chance had thrown in his way a glorious specimen of womanhood who was not a cousin, certain it is that he was seriously meditating a treasonable inroad upon the island society, and a rebellious disregard of the island marital laws.

But Bettie's pony had arrived, and she was firmly seated in her saddle, while the animal pranced and capered as in defiance of the declaration of his mistress that he was gentle as a lamb. And the persevering Mr. Tompkins was beside her, on his black mustang, which came all the way from Mexico; and as the beautiful creature pawed the ground and arched his slender neck, and raised his long and tufted tail, and opened his red and delicate nostrils, and darted his fiery eyes around, he gave to Mr. Bob Tompkins quite a noble and picturesque appearance.

But Mary, the darling, seated upon Ned's favorite, was the gem of the scene.

CHAPTER XXX.

Oh, it was a glorious day! The gay cavalcade rode along, first through a small forest of pines, among whose tops the breezes whispered, or sighed, or waivered, or sung, according to their strength or the quarter from whence they came; while the ground beneath, perfectly free from brushwood or undergrowth of any kind, smooth as ice and almost as slippery—spread as it was with innumerable leaves of dead pine—gave back the echo of the horses' tread, which mingled pleasantly with the ringing laugh and merry jest of the happy party.

And now, emerging from the forest, they reached the confines of a swamp, or savannah, where gigantic trees lifted their giant arms to the sky, bearing, like venerable Druids, the marks of age in the long gray tangled moss that so much resembled hoary hair; where the tall cypresses spread their deep and solemn shade, only relieved by the glimmering, dancing sunbeams peeping through some open spot above, through which also could be seen the luminous mid-day sky, so pure and blue; where the beautiful catapala, the magnificent and stately magnolia, the water locust, the sweet gum and the cottonwood, all lent their graces to the scene. Here and there might be seen the dwarf palmetto, with its thousand daggers, warning the traveller against too near an approach; while at a distance, in some green, sequestered nook, a slender deer, startled from its noonday repose, would spring up and bound away to some more hidden and secure retreat. There were no mountains, no hills, no undulations

even; but in spite of the absence of any grand geological features, or any of the usual concomitants of a fine and striking landscape, there was harmony, novelty, grandeur and beauty in the scene.

While riding leisurely along by the side of the swamp, Mary spied at a distance, on the road before us, an uncommonly large holly bush, completely red with its brilliant shining berries. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "what a prize!" and, before any of us knew or could imagine what she meant she had touched Lady Bettie with her whip, and was cantering gaily to the spot.

In an instant we all spurred up our horses and followed hard after her, but Ned's voice, in an eager and excited tone, instantly caught my ear.

"Stop! stop!" he cried, "all of you! Lady Bettie is running away!"

I reined up in an instant and repeated with all my strength his startling exclamation, "Stop! stop! for God's sake, stop!"

But I might as well have spoken to the winds. Onward flew Mary on her dangerous way, and onward behind her flew half a dozen riders, making her danger so much the greater. Seeing that I could not stop the rest I was about spurring onward to get as near to Mary as I could, when her horse suddenly turned, took a road which crossed the other at right angles, and she was lost to sight in a moment.

"Good God! the river!" exclaimed Ned. "Cousin Dick, come with me!" and, dashing his spurs into his horse's side he wheeled around, and taking a narrow path which seemed to lead right into the swamp he galloped onward, and I followed close behind him. Onward we went, through bush and through brier, through mud and through water, now bending low upon our horses' necks to avoid the rough branches, now pushing aside some heavy, hanging vine, now raising our feet to escape the cone-shaped cypress "knees," and now plunged in water over our saddle-girths. Onward we went, and onward, for Mary was in danger.

Presently we found ourselves once more in the road, and saw Mary not far ahead. But how her steed did fly! She had distanced all her pursuers.

Ned and I galloped side by side, but suddenly he checked his speed and called to me, who was still far pushing onward,

"Keep back, Cousin Dick!" shouted he, "keep back! Lady Bettie never'll stop while she hears our horses' heels!"

Thus admonished, I slackened my pace, and Ned and I still rode on together, keeping at some distance behind, with every nerve strung to its greatest tension.

"She sits very firmly still," said Ned, between his clenched teeth. "Now if she can only rein up at the doctor's she'll be safe; Lady Bettie's accustomed to stopping there. But if not, they'll go straight on to the river!"

But as he spoke, we saw something suddenly spring up from the bushes at the side of the road. Lady Bettie dashed to the other side, and in an instant Mary was lying on the ground, apparently without life or motion.

"God of Heaven!" exclaimed Ned, "she is killed!" and in another moment we were by her side.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Yes, there lay that form of loveliest mould, rigid and insensible. I felt her heart, and found that it was beating. "Thank God!" I exclaimed, "she is not dead!"

She was lying at the foot of a large tree, and her head was within an inch or two of the trunk, but whether it had struck or not we could not tell. Fortunately Dr. Perry's house was just in sight, and thither we determined at once to carry her. Just at this moment up rode poor Harry, as white as a sheet.

He sprang from his horse, and threw himself upon the ground beside her. "Mary! Mary!" he cried, in accents of bitter grief. Then he cast himself prostrate on the ground, and hid his face from sight. We could see his strong frame heave and tremble from head to foot, but not another word nor groan escaped him; and I knew, from that moment, that Harry once more loved as only men with hearts like his could love.

By this time the rest of the party had ridden up, dismounted, and were all kneeling—a sorrowful and awe-stricken group—around the beautiful girl.

Suddenly Bettie, with a stifled sob, sprang to her feet and ran like a deer towards the doctor's house. Turning round, as if she had forgotten something, she called out, "Bring her on as quick as you can."

When Ned and I attempted to take her up for the purpose of carrying her between us, Harry, hearing the movement, raised his head, sprang instantly up, stretched forth his arms, and said, in a heart-broken, beseeching tone, "Give her to me!" There was something about him we could not resist—he seemed to have a right to her; and by tacit consent we resigned the precious burden. He folded her to his bosom as if she had been an infant, and he who but a moment before had trembled like an aspen leaf from the excess of his emotion, now strode firmly onward with his precious burden. So fearfully and wonderfully are we made; so weak and so strong is man! Had the winter winds been blowing a hurricane, had the snow been lying knee-deep upon the ground, it would have been all the same; he would only have gathered her more closely to his heart, and borne her onward more rapidly and firmly.

It was a mournful procession which now followed silently in Harry's footsteps; and who could tell what powerful emotions, what conflicting hopes and fears were stirring the profoundest depths of many a human heart, now throbbing in the bosoms of those whose pale faces and compressed lips were all that could be seen to tell of the agony within? Not a word was spoken. We hurried onward with silent yet rapid footsteps, and ere we reached the house we saw Dr. Perry and Bettie coming towards us. Fortunately the doctor had just returned from a visit to a distant patient.

They came up to us, and the doctor looked at Mary. He, too, was pale, like the rest of us, for he liked Mary like an own daughter, but he spoke no word.

Thanks to Bettie's foresight, we found Mrs. Perry prepared to receive us. A very wide and comfortable lounge—which often served the purpose of a bed during those festive and hospitable gatherings so common in the southern country—had been hastily removed from the upper story, and stood ready to receive our precious burden the moment we stepped into the house. And there was not a moment to be lost.

Harry laid her gently down, and then walked quietly to the head of the lounge, out of the doctor's way, and knelt there, resting his forehead on his hand, while the elbow rested on the lounge. He was now perfectly calm, though not a particle of color could be seen in his usually florid face, and he gazed at the lovely death-like countenance before him as if there were no other object in creation.

"You must loosen her clothing," said the doctor, in a low tone to his wife; "I must get at her arm."

Before Mrs. Perry could do anything, Bettie was on her knees at Mary's side, opening her bodice, and ruthlessly cutting with her sharp little penknife any string or fastening that obstructed her way. With wonderful delicacy and forethought she threw over Mary's bosom her spotless handkerchief, so that we had not even to turn our eyes away while she was preparing her for the doctor's examination. The sleeve she ripped from top to bottom. Agonized as I was, I could not help observing Bettie. She filled me with wonder. Not a nerve quivered, not a muscle moved, not a tear sprang to her eye, nor a word to her lips; but she knew just what was to be done, and she did it, skilfully and promptly.

The beautiful arm was bared, and the delicate veins, looking so darkly blue in contrast with the deadly whiteness of her arms, stood ready for the friendly lancet. We heard the click which accompanied the incision, and saw the wound thus made, but not a drop of blood greeted our anxious eyes. The doctor would have pro-

nounced her dead but for the slow pulsation of her heart, much slower now than when I at first had felt it. With all his caution, the doctor could not quite stifle a sigh of disappointment and anguish, and then, for a moment, I saw Harry raise his eyes, and gaze earnestly into the doctor's face. But physicians learn to mask their features; and Harry, learning nothing there, soon fixed his sorrowful gaze once more on Mary's face.

"Lower her head," whispered the doctor; and Bettie removed the last pillow from the small, beautiful head.

"Get her feet warm if you can," said the doctor; and Mrs. Perry and Bettie sprang to prepare the necessary materials. Not only were bottles of hot water applied to her feet, but mustard; and, better still, the large green leaves of the horse radish, bruised and steeped in hot water, were applied to her limbs from the knees downward. Her face, and head were bathed with Cologne, and the strongest stimulants applied to her nostrils.

At this time we were startled by Harry's voice, saying in a hollow tone, "See there!" and he pointed to a drop of blood which was slowly oozing from the opened vein.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Dr. Perry, in a startling tone, for he seemed glad to relieve his pent-up feelings.

As for me, I walked to a distant window to try to master the feelings which were strongly at work within me, and I partially succeeded, but knowing that the danger was not over, I soon returned to my post of observation. Harry's face was now buried in his arms at the head of the lounge, and the same strong emotion which had overcome him when we first watched Mary, now mastered him again, and he quivered from head to foot. Still, no word nor moan escaped him. I went towards him, and, laying my hand upon his shoulder, gently shook him; for, once before, years ago, I had seen him thus, and then reason tottered on its throne, because he would not let his grief have its natural course, but struggled and struggled until almost spent. But it was in vain. He never looked up, but, by a sudden movement, withdrew his shoulder from my hand, and then quivered as before.

Oh Love! pure and genuine Love! how omnipotent art thou! with what a mighty power canst thou lift us to the heavens, or crush us down into the lowest depths of woe!

CHAPTER XXXII.

It was a long time before the faintest shade of color came into Mary's cheek or lips, so long that "hope deferred" began to make our hearts sick indeed. And even after she had opened her eyes—which were immediately closed again—she continued to lie so still, and to look so very death-like, that we almost feared to hope. But the doctor assured us that her pulses were stronger, and that she would do well, but, added he, "she has received a tremendous shock, and the least thing would throw her back again." So we waited, and watched, and hoped, and—prayed.

At length we heard her speak, but it was in a faint, inarticulate murmur. Harry raised his head and then bent it down to listen; and all the company came crowding round her, till the doctor was obliged to extend his arms, and force them back, saying, "Give her air! she must have air! she'll soon be better."

And then she opened her eyes and gazed languidly round the room, first at one, and then at another, as if looking for some one; but when her eyes encountered mine, she smiled and tried to hold out her hand. I immediately came towards her. "Mary, my dear girl," said I, "do you feel better?" She bowed her head slowly, and faintly articulated "yes," while she slightly pressed my hand, which she seemed to wish to retain within her own. Bettie silently kissed her lips, now losing their deathly pallor, and continued kneeling by her side. Harry had already sprung to his feet, and was standing with folded arms where he could see Mary without being seen by her.

"You must all retire," said the doctor, "but Bettie and I; Mary must be perfectly quiet and unexcited." Hearing this, Mary pressed my hand once more, and then released it. So we all retired, taking care, however, to remain in the wide entry, within hearing.

But Harry touched me, and beckoned me to a little distance. When we got to the door, where we knew that the sound of our voices would not reach the dear sufferer, Harry said, in a low tone, "How did it happen?"

"Why, Harry," said I, "I saw something spring up out of the bushes, I think it was a sow and pigs; you know how suddenly they move; the horse shied, and in a moment Mary lay on the ground."

"Why did we let her ride that racer?" said he; "why did Ned offer it?"

"Why, Harry," said I, "she has ridden it hundreds of times before."

"So much the worse," said Harry; "all those times she has been in danger. I hope no lady will ever ride her again."

Poor Lady Bettie! All her swift running was over. The frightened creature had run on until she came to a sudden turn in the road, which led her to the river; her impetus was so great that she could not stop, but plunged madly in, and spent as she was with her furious running, she got entangled among some little boats and sank to rise no more.

We did not hear this till an hour after Mary's fall: and when poor George, her faithful groom, related the circumstances as told to him by the old negro ferryman, he did it with a faltering voice, and eyes full of tears.

As for us, we shuddered to think how it might have been with Mary, and I hoped and trusted that everything had happened for the very best.

Finding that the doctor intended to keep us out of the room in which Mary was for an indefinite time, and still hearing encouraging reports of her condition, Harry and I walked down to the river, which was but a stone's throw from the doctor's house. Ned was there before us. Seated on the edge of the ferry-flat, he was gazing into the river at the spot where his favorite had gone in, and listening with a sorrowful countenance to the graphic description of the occurrence as given by the old ferryman. We entered the flat, and heard a recapitulation of the story.

"My dear chillun," said he—he could not have been more than fifty years old, but negroes always pride themselves on being old, and Sambo had long ago set up for an object of veneration—"My dear chillun, he bin de onmournfullest sight ebber you see. I yer someting comin' whackity! whackity! Kigh! tink I, wha' dah dat? So he keep on comin' whackity! whackity! an' den, rec'ly, wha' does I see turnin' sha'p roun' de corner dey, but Mass' Ned racehorse, dey calls Lady Bettie. I bin see he bin mekkin' strait for de ribber, an' he bin gwine so fas' I no bin tink he kin stop herself; so I gits right in de middle ob de ole flat, an' I fling out my n'ans dis-a-way"—then he gave an illustration of the attitude—"an' I say shoo! shoo! But Lo'd-a-massy, chillun! de po' creeper bin so ska' he nebber see me, an' he jump right in splash! When he come up 'gain, I bin roun' dey for try for catch de bridle, but t' wa'nt no use, I no could do nuttin'; he kick, an' he snort, an' he plunge, tell bambye he get tangle dey in dem little kinnoo, an' den down he gone! De elegant, fass-racinist creeper in de whole rice country! I nebber bin tink for see s'igh a ting! Ah! po' ole Sambo! Massa, you got any bakkey for de po' ole nigger?"

We emptied our pockets and left him to repeat his wonderful tale to the next new comer, no doubt with various marvellous additions, for old Sambo had a very fertile imagination. He would sit on the side of his flat boat all day long when travelling was "berry slack," and tell the most marvellous tales of things which he had seen during his long experience on the river, eye, and of things which he had not seen as well.

It was not at Christmas time, however, that travelling was slack; that was poor Sambo's hardest season; but he got well paid for it, and had his holiday afterwards.

(To be continued.)

(From Advance Sheets furnished us by the courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Stanford & DeLasser.)

CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILLE.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

THE BERTAUDIÈRE.

CHAPTER XXI.—MAITRE QUINCAULT VISITS D'ARGENSON.

FOR some time after Jacques had taken leave of Maître Quinquault the worthy notary remained in a state of stupor, from which he only recovered to break out into a violent rage, discharging at the heels of the spy a volley of oaths that would have set up even D'Argenson on himself for a twelvemonth at least.

"Oh! my gold, my gold! my bright, yellow gold!" said he, clutching the bag that Jacques had modestly declined taking away; "never shall I see it again! Thirty-five thousand crowns! Oh, that he had their weight in mill-stones hung about his neck, and I could see him cast headlong into the Seine! Rubbed—cheated—swindled of my gold!"

With an exhaustive flood of such exclamations as these, accompanied by sunny shakings of his fist at the door, the old man endeavored to allay the excitement that the late scenes had occasioned, and having partially succeeded, began to take a legal view of his position, allowing himself all the advantage of his experience in the management of notary cases like the present. The result of his cogitations was a determination to pay a visit to the lieutenant of police.

That evening, as the clocks of the neighboring churches chimed nine, Maître Quinquault might have been observed creeping along the Rue St. Denis, tentatively keeping the wall-side, although at the imminent danger of being knocked down by the multitude that thronged the busy thoroughfare. But Maître Quinquault was not a man to be jostled out of his place with impunity, and many were the strokes he dealt about him, right and left, with his cane, in his attempts to maintain his right to the wall. At length, by dint of elbowing, and pushing, and cursing and swearing—he could swear, and swear, too, sometimes—he reached the house he sought—Monsieur D'Argenson's place of business—and making the best of his way into the apartment already known as his Cabinet Noir, saluted that virtuous functionary with a low bow and an humble apology for intruding.

"I fear that I am interrupting your labors," said he, with an obsequious smile, and a leer that said as plainly as he could say, "I should like to know what you are doing with that great brock!"

"You are, *sans doute*," exclaimed his friend, with a delightful contraction of the eyebrows. "What has brought thee?"

"Important business, *monseigneur*," he said, looking down again at the book; "I'll attend to thee presently: wouldn't it be to-morrow?"

"No, *monseigneur*,"

"Hum! Jean Baptiste Poisson," ejaculated the latter, entering the name in his book of reports, and apparently unconscious of the notary's presence. "I deserve to be sent there to-morrow, do I? We'll teach these how to serve his Majesty's officers, *entre eux*! And to speak so disrespectfully of the Bastille! Thou shalt try thy diet thyself! Ah! ah! ah! demogogue!"

"This man as thou dost bring governments into dispute! Scum! What right has the mob to an opinion, eh, Maître Quinquault?" He now turned towards that individual, "what sayest thou?"

But Maître Quinquault only looked at his interrogator, as much as to say that if it made no difference, he would rather be excused from giving any opinion at all.

"I say," continued D'Argenson, apparently regardless whether the notary answered or not, "that the rabble have no right to express an opinion on such grave matters, Maître Quinquault! All they have to do is to work, to pay their imposts, and to hold their tongue! *Sans dire*!"

But not until D'Argenson had exhibited some few energetic symptoms of impatience could Maître Quinquault muster sufficient courage to tell his tale; and when he did begin he stammered so, one would have said the words were elbowing each other in the corners of his mouth in a vain attempt to break out ere else.

To increase his embarrassment, the lieutenant of police fixed his keen eyes on him very intently, and he must have been a very bygone at a stare who could not turn that gaze without blinking; this was not the case with the notary, who had rather more of the fox in his composition than of any other animal, unless it was a dash of the jackal. However, having broken the ice, he went swimmingly on through the aperture, D'Argenson never once attempting to stop him, nor even betraying by the least sign that he took the slightest interest in his recital.

At length Maître Quinquault came to a full stop, gave a sidelong glance at his companion, as though he expected him to make some observation; in this he was disappointed, for he maintained the same obstinate silence, not even appearing to know that the notary had left off speaking, observing which, the latter personage took up his last words, by way of giving the cue to his friend.

"Yes! *monseigneur*! there shall be hanging at the Grève; he said that, and left me."

"Is that all, Maître Quinquault?" asked D'Argenson, after a pause. The notary bowed, and with some show of surprise at the question, confessed that it was all.

"He was right," resumed the lieutenant of police, "quite right,"—he meant Jacques—"to say that there should be hanging at the Grève, Maître Quinquault; but I fear it is not Jacques' turn yet."

The notary began to think he had made a mistake in throwing himself upon the clemency of D'Argenson, and already experienced an uncomfortable tightness about the throat, accompanied by an inclination to sneeze; but he had made up his mind before he came not to be hanged; no, but to hang the spy if he could, and doubted not being able to secure the protection of the lieutenant of police; his surprise may be conceived when he heard him indirectly reiterate Jacques' menace, but his surprise once got over, he assumed an air of dogged determination and sullen defiance that failed not to produce a marked effect upon his companion; to look at him one would have said that he was positively asking to be hanged as a favor.

"Perhaps, *monseigneur*," said he, with the greatest deliberation, making at the same time an ugly attempt to look fustianous, "perhaps your turn will come first; who knows?"

D'Argenson turned his head aside, his lips quivered, and his brows knit together convulsively; he was evidently taken aback by the retort, and saw that he had gone too far—to further, indeed, than he intended.

"I did not mean thee to infer, *sieur notaire*," he observed, with an abortive laugh at Maître Quinquault's repartee, obviously ricked with a view of swindling that individual into a belief that he, D'Argenson, considered it a smart joke; "I did not mean thee to infer, I say, that time was come; I merely hinted that this was an awkward affair."

"What hast thou to propose?"

"Simply that your agent be forthwith arrested and imprisoned, and hanged as soon as possible after we have regained possession of that document."

"A good, a reasonable plan, truly," answered D'Argenson, after a few moments' reflection; but it is impracticable, *sieur notaire*; impracticable."

"Wherefore, *monseigneur*?"

"He is invaluable to me, Etienne, I have need of his services! Besides, I am not so sure that to imprison him first, and hang him afterwards, would be the best means of regaining possession of that document."

"But threats, *monseigneur*!" suggested the notary, anxiously. D'Argenson laughed, echoing with great emphasis the word "threats," accompanied with a look that said, "they may do very well for such as thou, Maître Quinquault, but not for a spirit like Jacques."

"Thou dost not know that man," he replied; "I do not! He is one of those whom it is dangerous to offend, and hardly less dangerous to deal with! I need his services yet; therefore, Maître Quinquault, we must think of some other plan!"

"I can think of no other," said the notary, once more disagreeably alive to a sensation of vascular circulation, and losing the self-possession he had so recently assumed.

"Wait a moment," ejaculated the lieutenant of police; "let me think. Perhaps I may discover a way of turning this untoward circumstance to our account. Answer me! Art thou sure Jacques did not see thee sign that parchment?"

"I am, *monseigneur*."

"Good, good!" exclaimed D'Argenson; "so far, good. Dost thou not then perceive, Etienne, that there is no worse a proof 'twas thou, eh? Besides, is not the will drawn in my favor, eh? Shall not I be executed before thou art, eh? Let me alone, Maître Quinquault; let me alone; 'tis I must bear the brunt of this! 'Tis not against thee so much as against me that Jacques has aimed this blow. Canst not thou see that, eh?"

"I do see it all now, *monseigneur*," said he, holding his head up at least an inch higher; "but that is only one reason the more why you should put him at once out of the way."

"I am not afraid of hanging, *sieur notaire*," replied D'Argenson, with a hideous chuckle that sounded like the death-rattle; "why, Monsieur de Fere would think it sacrilege to lay even a finger on me; *tonnerre dieu*! No, no; the forgery of that will will never come home to thee, nor to me, unless we should quarrel, Maître Quinquault; which I think thou wouldst rather not do, eh, Etienne?"

whole proceeding! *Mort dieu*! The baron de d'Almonde action! No! no! I know him better than that. Had he been less honest he should not have begged me so long! But I am sorely puzzled to comprehend why this man Jacques has taken up arms in his cause? I thought him friendless!"

"You could at once render him so," again suggested Maître Quinquault, edging towards the lieutenant of police; "imprison Jacques, and—"

"*Sans dire*! no! I will not!" exclaimed the latter, fiercely; "I tell thee I need Jacques' services!"

"It was a mere suggestion, *monseigneur*," observed the notary, perceiving that D'Argenson was firm; "evidently he is in league with the baron, or he would not have paid; no, not paid; I mean that he would not have extorted—"

"Nay, nay; paid is the word, *sieur notaire*; thou hast given up the bonds and a full receipt for their amount; so paid is the word, *monseigneur*! I shall look to thee for sixty-five thousand crowns!"

"But, *monseigneur*, I have not received a single crown of the sum—a crown, said I, not a livre! not a sol!"

"What is that to me, Maître Quinquault? Give me back the bonds, or give me the money! *Vende bleu*! 'Tis a sum I can find good use for!"

"But, *monseigneur*," remonstrated the disconcerted notary, "consider the circumstances! Have some regard for friendship—remember that I have received no consideration—"

"And the bond, then, *sieur notaire*! dost reckon that for nothing?"

"Nay, *monseigneur*; the security is doubtful at best."

"One reason the more why I should have thy money," retorted D'Argenson; "so make up thy mind to pay it to me when I require it; as for the security thou'ldst, 'tis no affair of mine."

"What is *monseigneur*'s opinion upon it?" asked the notary.

"'Tis a forgery," answered he; "no doubt of it. A mere trick to extort money from thee, and save the baron. A trick, I tell thee, a mere trick, friend Etienne. A deep fellow is Jacques; ah! ah! ah! I like him all the better for that; *sans dire*! I could not have done it more cleverly myself."

"Hast thou the bond with thee?"

"I have."

"Let me look at it, Maître Quinquault."

The notary handed him the parchment, which the lieutenant of police, having minutely inspected, returned, saying,

"A mere trick! a forgery! a trick, Maître Quinquault! But keep thine own counsel on this matter, and leave the rest to me."

"Could you not take sixty thousand crowns, *monseigneur*?" observed the notary, after a pause, and with a most rueful expression; "the remaining five thousand are bare interest for a twelvemonth, upon such questionable security too."

"Not a livre less than the whole sum," replied the lieutenant.

There was another pause, when the last speaker looked up once more at his companion, and again addressed him,

"I wish to be alone, friend Etienne; a good evening to thee."

The old man bowed and moved slowly towards the door, evidently reluctant to leave the apartment without another attempt upon the generosity of his patron; he fumbled at the lock a moment, and turning half round, said, with a whistle that would have been a fortune to a mump—

"Sixty thousand, *monseigneur*! I will agree to pay the remainder when the bond expires."

He did not finish the sentence, for striking his clenched fist upon the table with a force that caused the huge book to rebound, D'Argenson cried:

"No, no! *sans dire*! I did not tell thee so before! Leave me!"

"'Tis the nothing lost by trying," muttered Maître Quinquault to himself, as, after effecting a precipitate retreat, he groped his way out into the street; "but perhaps my turn will come next, and then—"

He did not say what; no doubt it was something very desperate, for he struck his cane very hard upon the roadway, and was so intent upon picking it up to himself what he would do when his turn came, that, without observing him, he brushed past the individual who had first watched him into the lieutenant's cabinet, and remained hard by in a doorway on purpose to watch him out again.

When the virtuous notary was fairly out of sight the man emerged from his hiding place, and made the best of his way into the cabinet of D'Argenson, who started a little on his entrance, and hurriedly exclaimed,

"Thou here, *Sieur Jacques*!"

"Then was the hour appointed, *monseigneur*," answered that individual, with a vast amount of coyness.

"Tell me, I sit ten already, Jacques? I did not think it. Well, what news? has thou discovered anything more? Hast thou seen the capuchin again?"

"I watched him into Monsieur Chamillart's hotel, *monseigneur*; and have ascertained that the stranger comes from Madrid."

"Madrid!" muttered D'Argenson, entering the remark in his book; "Madrid, eh! there is something beneath that, Jacques! If Chamillart and de Main-tenon have any intrigue on foot! *Tonnerre dieu*! I will tell them! I can depend on thee, eh, Jacques?"

The spy bowed.

"Good, good! Here are twenty louis for the information thou hast already brought me. 'Tis a large sum, but I would have thee know I can reward handsomely."

Jacques deposited the money in his pocket, but still observed silence.

"I hear there is much discontent amongst the people, Jacques," remarked D'Argenson, after a pause; "hast thou heard or perceived anything of the sort?"

"I have, *monseigneur*," replied the spy, sternly; "you may affect to despise the people, *monseigneur*, but beware how you trample on their feelings—"

"Hush!" ejaculated the former, apparently endeavoring to divert himself of the idea that this portion of the community possessed such a commodity—"the sum!"

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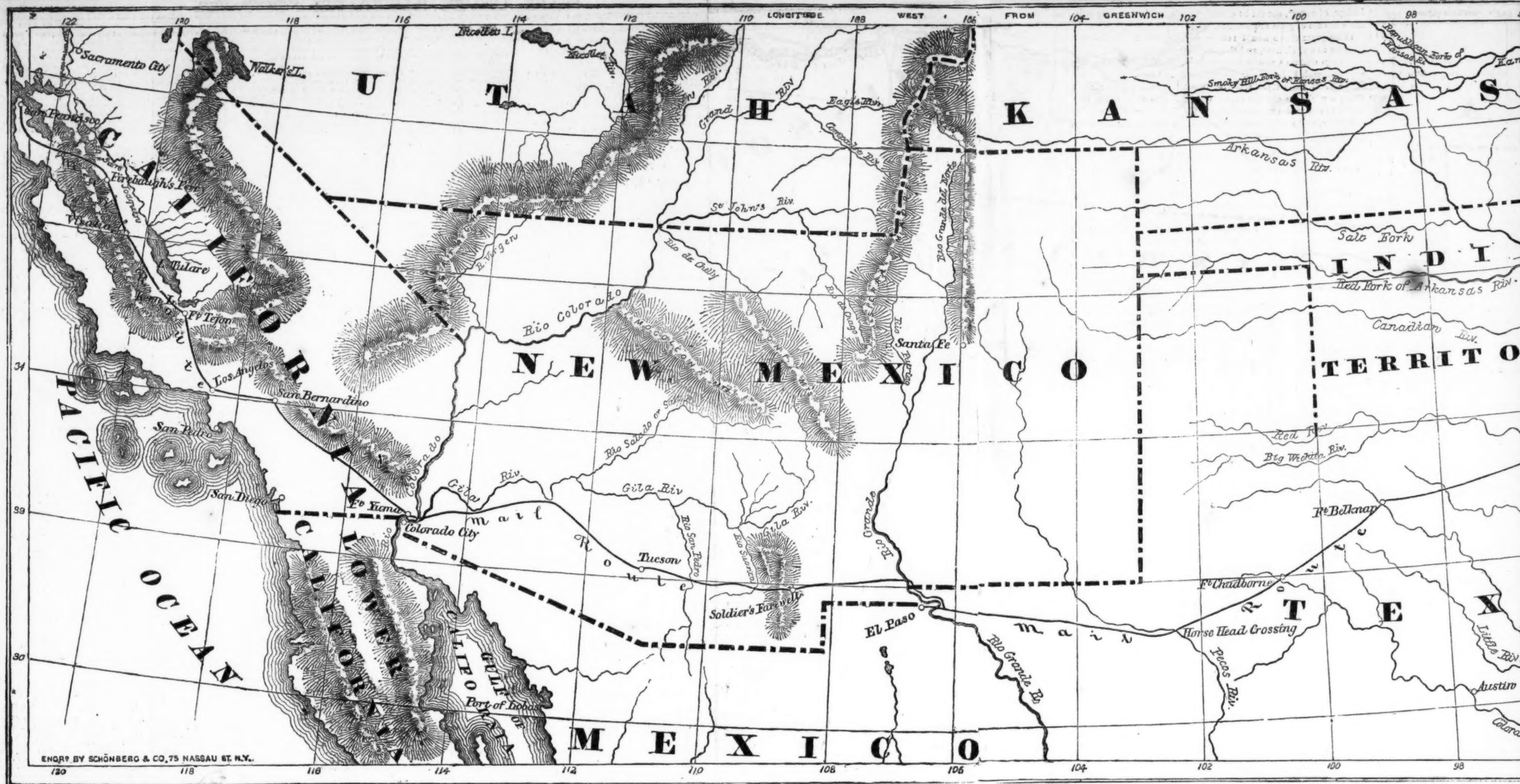
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MAP OF THE OVERLAND MAIL ROUTE FROM ST. LOUIS AND MEMPHIS TO SAN FRANCISCO.

THE OVERLAND MAIL ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.

Our paper of October 23d contained a series of graphic illustrations of some of the most interesting scenes and stations upon this line, and we now resume the subject with a map of the entire route, and with views of scenes upon the route.

By reference to the map our readers will be able to follow the overland mail coaches on their adventurous journey from the terminus of the Pacific Railroad at Tipton, Miss., to their destination on the Pacific coast. The Pacific Railroad, now extending as far as Tipton, will shortly be prolonged to Syracuse, and it is expected that this division of the road will be opened in January next. From Tipton and Syracuse, Mo., the coaches strike a southerly course, passing by Springfield, Miss., Fayetteville, Ark., and at Fort Smith the regular mail coach is exchanged for the "celerity wagon," in which the remainder of the journey is performed. At Fort Smith the junction between the line already traced and that from Memphis, Tenn., also takes place.

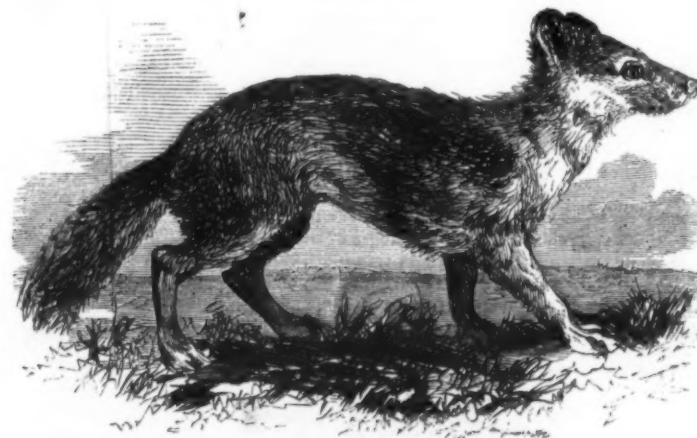
The Memphis and Little Rock Railway, which is in active progress, will, when completed, form an important link in the chain of communication; and it is very probable that it may shortly be laid down even to Fort Smith.

In continuation of our illustrations of scenes upon the overland route, we now engrave a view of the Crossing of the Pecos River, Texas, about twelve hundred miles from St. Louis, and one hundred and sixty-five from Fort Chadbourne. The Pecos River is a stream of no great magnitude or depth, but its course is exceedingly protracted, and it may be advantageously turned to account for the purpose of floating rafts of timber for railway or other purposes. The crossing is fixed in lat. 31 deg. 45 min.,

The first meeting of the coastward took place during the about one hundred miles to the occupants of the vehicles were lengthened halt, for the purpose of the service, and the permitted only a delay of a few

NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL VIRO

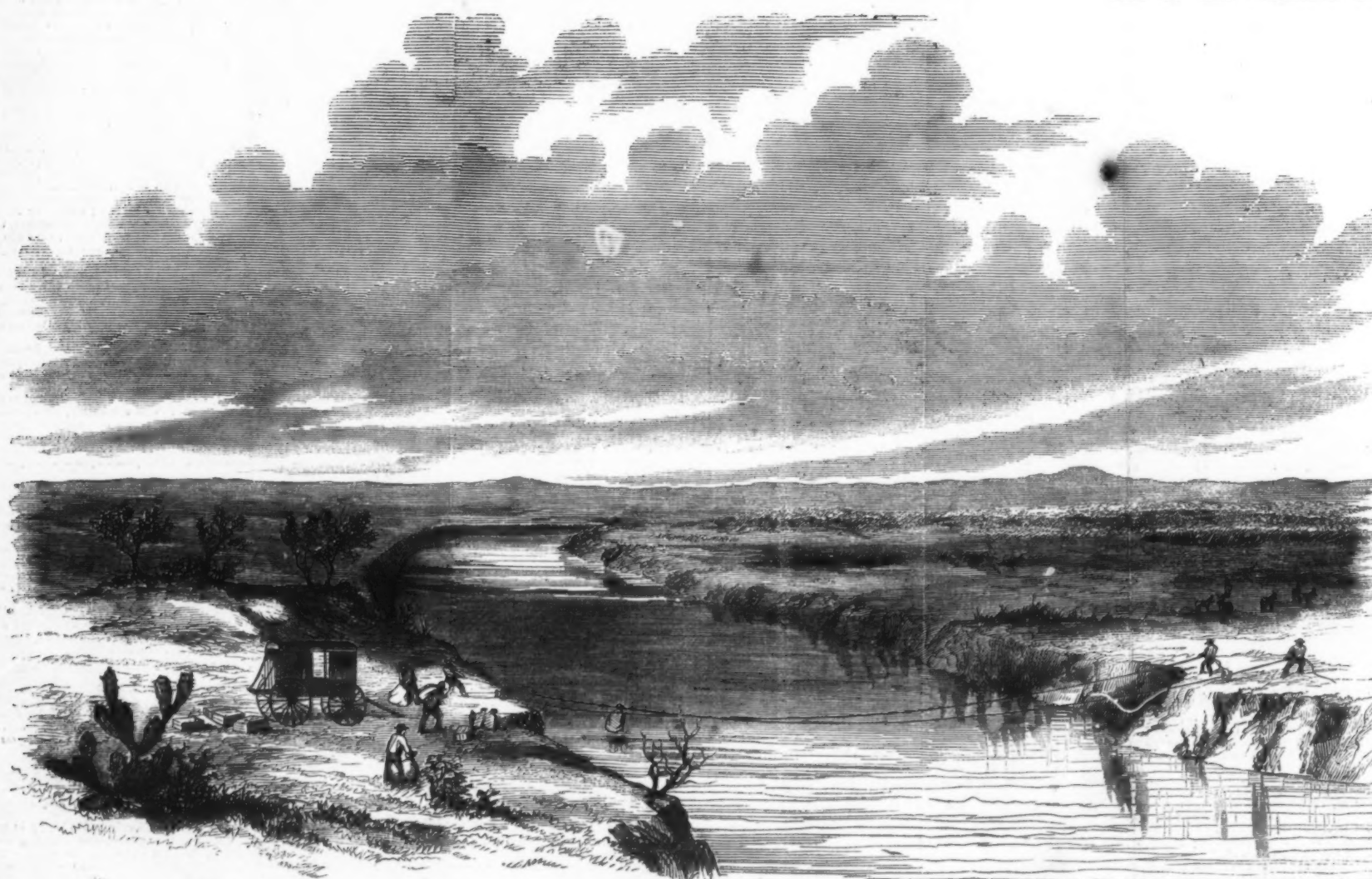
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THE PRAIRIE DOG.

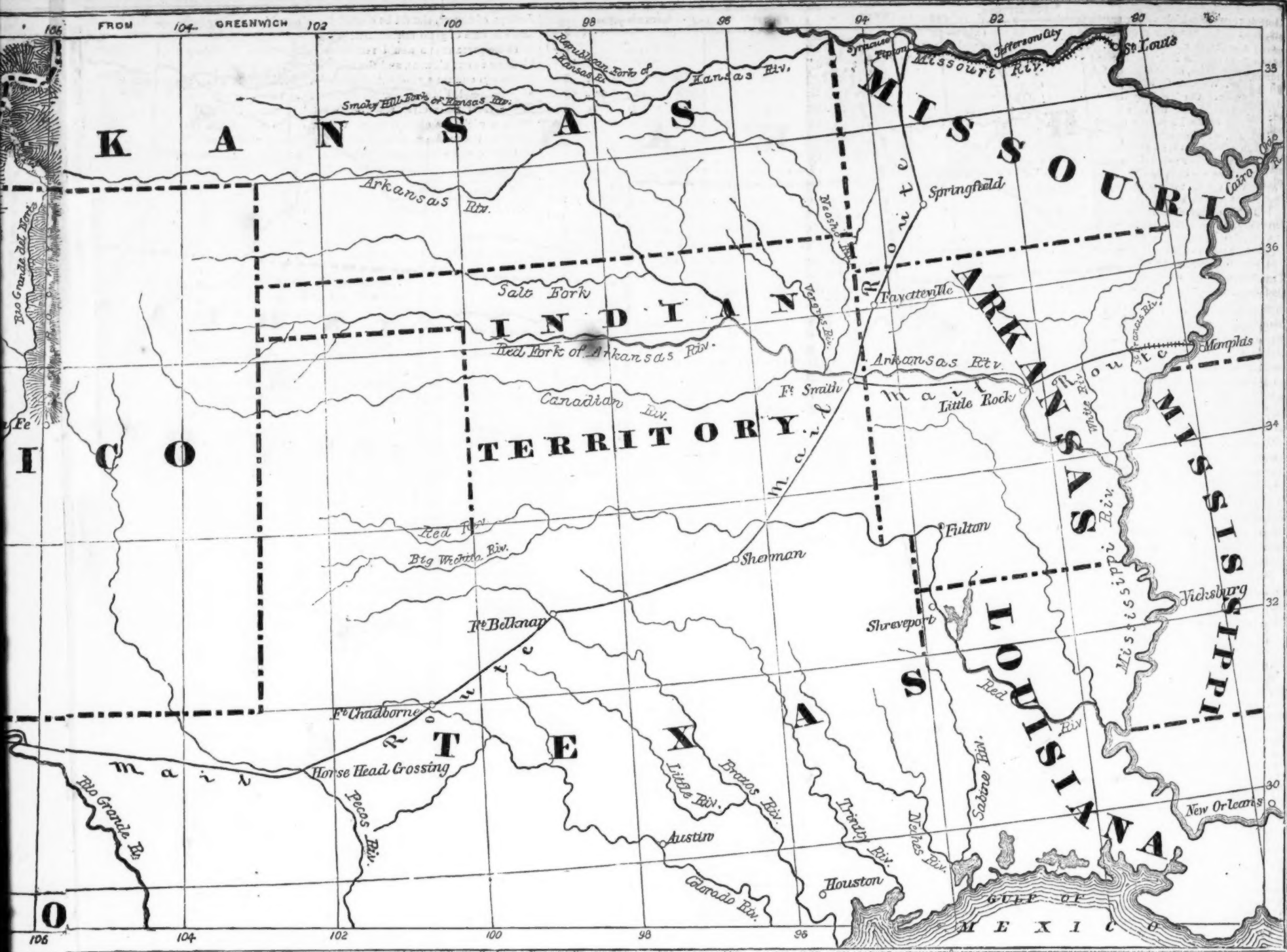
where the stream is sixty-five feet wide. Its banks are firm and may easily be bridged, but the crossing is now effected by a ford, while packages are drawn across the stream by means of lariats of hide.

The scenery on the route, though interesting at the outset, speedily becomes monotonous, and in the level country there is little but a succession of the same stretches of thorn bushes and cacti, broken now and then by an arid patch of sand. In these wildernesses almost the only signs of animal life are met with in the prairie dogs, which exist in great numbers in New Mexico and California. They are a cross between the dog and the wolf.



OVERLAND MAIL ROUTE—CROSSING THE PECOS RIVER.





FROM ST. LOUIS AND MEMPHIS TO SAN FRANCISCO.

THE OVERLAND MAIL ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.

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The first meeting of the coaches journeying eastward and westward took place during the night, in the Guadalupe Pass, about one hundred miles to the eastward of El Paso. Although the occupants of the vehicles would have been pleased to make a lengthened halt, for the purpose of exchanging notes, the exigencies of the service, and the necessity of keeping "time," permitted only a delay of a few minutes.

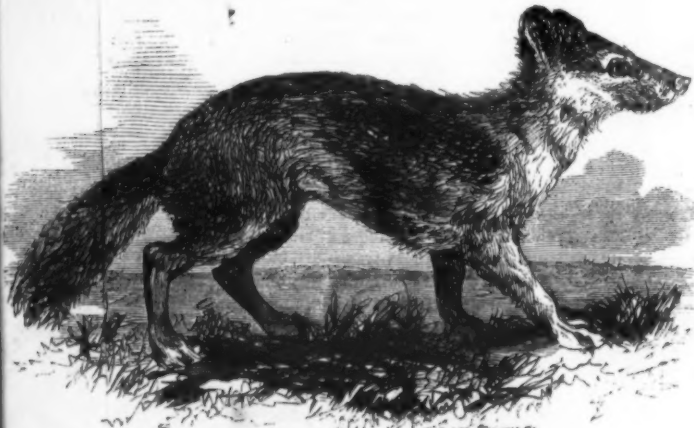
NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL FAIR AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

THE Sixth National Exhibition by the United States Agricultural Society was opened at Richmond, Va., on Monday, October 25th. The gathering of agricultural produce was one of those which we have so frequently illustrated, and have spoken of with much commendation; nor was the present occasion unworthy of either

the society under whose auspices the Fair was carried out, or the flourishing city in the neighborhood of which it was held.

The spacious Fair grounds are situated in the outskirts of the city, in the immediate neighborhood of the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railway, and cover an area of some eight or ten acres. Adjoining this locality is a horse track of somewhat equal extent and similar in form, each in itself forming a square. The horse-track proper is circular in shape, a margin being left outside of its line for other exhibitions. Stalls, piggeries, &c., are formed along the outer fence for the accommodation of horses and such other cattle as could not be accommodated within the regular Fair ground.

The exhibitors at this Fair were by no means confined to the show of live stock—of fast horses and wheezy, unwholesome, walking lumps of fat in the shape of cattle—but there was also a fine display of agricultural implements and machinery, the



THE PRAIRIE DOG.

stream is sixty-five feet wide. Its banks are firm and may easily be bridged, but the crossing is now effected by a ford, while packages are drawn across the stream by means of lariats. The scenery on the route, though interesting at the outset, speedily becomes monotonous, and in the country there is little but a succession of the same stretches of thorn bushes and cacti, broken then by an arid patch of sand. In these wildernesses almost the only signs of animal life are the prairie dogs, which exist in great numbers in New Mexico and California. They are the only link between the dog and the wolf.



THE OVERLAND MAIL—FIRST MEETING OF THE COACHES IN GUADALUPE PASS.

greater part of which was manufactured in the Northern States. A tent inside the Fair grounds was allotted to the exhibition of each particular class of articles. A number of distinguished persons honored the Fair with their presence, among whom were Governor Wise, of Virginia; Lord Napier, the British Minister; the Hon. William C. Rives, who was also an exhibitor, and other gentlemen. On Tuesday and Wednesday the usual displays of horsemanship and fast driving took place, and on Thursday—the great day of the Fair—the annual oration was delivered by Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts. Mr. Cushing's eloquent and able speech consisted in an argument for the immediate acquisition of Mexico and other neighboring territory by the United States; but desirable as we believe such acquisition to be, we cannot but consider the speech most singularly inappropriate to the occasion on which it was delivered.

On Thursday evening a complimentary banquet, tendered to the invited guests of the United States and Virginia Central Agricultural Societies took place at the Exchange Hotel. Six tables, loaded with all the delicacies of this and every other season, forming, as the *Richmond Dispatch* says, a "brilliant spectacle," were occupied by the company. General Tilghman, of Maryland, the President of the United States Agricultural Society, presided at the principal table, having the British Minister on his left. The usual series of toasts—agricultural, facious, personal, patriotic, political and stupid—were disposed of, and brought in a pretty little speech from Lord Napier, who is one of the talking class of diplomats. He alluded with happy effect to the circumstance of his being President of the Industrial Association of the county Selkirk, Scotland, the objects of which are the improvement of the breed of Cheviot sheep, and paid some well-turned compliments to Virginia, which were as graceful as they were well deserved.

On Friday a vaudeville address was delivered by the Hon. William C. Rives, and on Saturday the Fair was brought to a conclusion. The first four days were characterized by very pleasant weather but Friday was decidedly unpropitious. On Saturday Mr. Rarey, brother of the original John, exhibited the remarkable influence which he also possesses over the brute creation, as did also a rival tamer, Mr. Danton Offutt. We regret that the list of premiums awarded is too long for transference to our columns, but we append a synopsis of the committee's report: Class 1 of the cattle department (Durham oxen); 3 year olds, 1st premium, S. C. Ludington, \$100 for his bull Degalma; 2d premium, \$40 to the same for his bull Scipio; two years old under three, 1st do, \$50, to O. Bierle, Va., for his bull Oliver; one year old and under two, 1st do 25, to S. C. Ludington, Greenbrier, for his bull Triumph. In Class 2, Durham cows and heifers, three premiums were awarded, all to S. C. Ludington; in Class 3, Devon bulls, 6 premiums; class 4, Devon cows and heifers, 10 premiums; classes 5 and 6, Ayrshire bull and cow, 5 premiums; and in the remaining cases, 8 to 11, for other horned cattle some 12 or 15 premiums. In the horse and mule department, there was a good display, a fine stallion of four years old, exhibited by Hon. J. M. Bots, taking the first premium among the thoroughbreds. Hon. William C. Rives exhibited a fine trotting stallion, named Emperor, imported from France. The other department comprised sheep, swine, fowls, geese, turkeys, vegetables, fruits, &c. The mechanical department was rendered highly interesting by the variety of articles displayed, and curious throngs continually surrounded the tents in which the various labor-saving machines were kept in operation.

Laura Keene's Theatre, 624 Broadway, near Houston Street.
THE MOST ELEGANT PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.
The entertainments are universally acknowledged to be of the most chaste character, being sustained by a
STRONG STAR COMPANY.
MR. BLAKE. MR. JEFFERSON.
MR. COULLOCK. MR. WALCO.
MR. SOUDERN. MR. PETERS.
MR. TURNER. MISS SARA SILFEN.
MRS. FLAKE. MISS MARION MACARIBY.
And MISS LAURA KEENE.
Admission, Fifty and Twenty Five Cents.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—J. W. WALLACK, LESSEE.
Grand Reopening of this beautiful Temple of the Drama, with a company unsurpassed for excellence, comprising nearly all the favorites of this establishment:
JAMES W. WALLACK,
J. LESLIE WALLACK,
JOHN BROUGHAM,
MRS. HOEY,
MRS. VERNON.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra chairs, \$1.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW!
THODON'S THEATRE OF ART!
First time in the New World. Unlike anything ever seen here before.
Every Afternoon and Evening at 3 and at 7 1/2 o'clock during the week.
Also, the GRAND AQUARIUM, or Ocean and River wonders; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c.
Admission, 25 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW VOLUME.

Seventh Volume of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

This is the time to renew old and to commence new subscriptions. The publisher alludes with pride to the Six Volumes of his Illustrated Newspaper already completed. He feels justified in asserting that no pictorial paper in the world presents so perfect a digest of the news and the incidents of the times. Every leading event of the last three years will be found chronicled and illustrated in these volumes, which form, in fact, a pictorial history of unequalled interest and reliability.

The success which has made *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* a welcome visitor and an actual necessity in every family, will prove an incentive to still further exertion, and the numbers of the coming year will be rich in every subject capable of illustration. Every year perfects and enlarges Mr. Leslie's plan of comprehensiveness, and his artistic correspondents are now to be found in every quarter of the globe.

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Our Judiciary.

THE shooting down of a citizen by a policeman in broad day, in the mere wantonness of power, and the unhesitating endorsement of this violence by a Grand Jury, proclaims unmistakably that our laws are so loosely administered as to have become nearly inoperative, and that consequently every man must not only be his own lawyer, but the executor of his own will or vengeance. We can understand that the Jury might reason that since policemen are occasionally shot by burglars in the discharge of their duties, and the whole machinery of the law employed to screen them, it is only fit for that that prisoners should be row and then shot by policemen in an equally unceremonious manner, and that the offence of Calves should balance that of Canem.

It must also be confessed that it is difficult for any one, whether policeman or private citizen, to get an assailant punished, if he be an election rowdy or a shoulder-hitter. These men are pretty sure to have a congenial spirit on the bench, or should the Justice, for a wonder, be an honest man, there is always some Alderman at hand to overrule his decision, or bail the felon. It is too much to expect that such men as Judge Osborne, Aldermen Reed, Turney, or McSpedon should send their most intimate friends and valued constituents to jail. Such functionaries are sometimes capable of wonderful actions in the way of printing, brace-axe exercise, &c., but not in the direction of order and justice.

The root of the evil lies in the fact, that our Judges are elected by the most corrupt and riotous class in the community; men who are notoriously without visible means of support, and whose life is a pendulum—not between a smile and a tear, as Byron phrased it—but between a rum-lole and Mercer street. In short, of men whose whole existence is one open and consistent violation of law, decency, morals and religion.

The fruits of such a system are in obedience to the laws of nature. We do not gather figs from thistles, nor grapes from thorns, and the men therefore chosen by these instinctive haters of truth and honesty come under the *genus* grog-blossoms, which title is certainly appropriate, since their origin is a rum shop.

The result is everywhere apparent—it is scarcely possible in New York to hang a murderer or to punish a criminal.

It was surely never the intention of the founders of our republic to disorganize society. Washington and Jefferson's idea of Democracy was the Sovereignty of the People, and not the saturnalia of a mob. The government of the masses for the good of all, is the motto of rational democracy—in contradistinction to that of aristocracy, which is the government by a privileged class for the good of that particular order. But during the last few years the government of New York has been the rule of rum and rowdism, so that now the character of scarcely one member of the Common Council will bear investigation. Generally speaking, they are a broken down tapsters, lottery dealers, waiters on Providence, Peter Funks or keepers of Irish grogeries. Very few of them rise to the comparative respectability of bankrupt tradesmen. Such a state is not liberty; it is a vulgar and bestial burlesque of that great fact. It is a drunken harlequin palming himself off as Columbia, and not the genius of Freedom.

How little the integrity of vote by ballot is respected by these men was seen at a recent election, which ended in the triumph of Mr. Sickles, where one of the two Inspectors in that Ward declared he was intimidated into signing a fraudulent return, by a pistol at his head, while another could neither read nor write, and therefore some one else must have signed his name. Indeed, it is so well understood that violence governs the polls, that it is one candidate engages Tom Hyer, the other hires Morrissey as a set-off. Both these worthies on one side would be like the alliance of England and France, rather too much for independent Europe to withstand.

We have no particular objection that these men should interfere in the elections for Congress and the Legislature, for the members of those bodies are more or less withdrawn from their deleterious influence, and above all, their individual power for good or evil is lost in their collective action, but the Judiciary is a very different affair, since in its hands rest our lives, liberties and reputation.

It is, therefore, absolutely necessary that no Judge should ever stand in fear of the ballot box, which a great writer declares to be (as managed in New York), "the mere spectre of a drunken mob;" for if a dispenser of public justice stands in awe of the mob, whose excesses he may be called upon to punish, how can the peace of the community be maintained against brute force or popular outbreak? But this fear has at least the possible merit of being general in its instincts and its application, and though it has sacrificed a De Wit and an Aristides, yet these were public men who knew the risks they ran. But the ballot-box has a meaner terror in store; some innocent or persecuted man may have incited the hate of some vindictive primary election bully, who may force the Judge into becoming the slavish tool of his oppression. We had an instance of this not long ago, when, terrified by the threats of a legal bully, a weak or corrupt Judge would have consigned a respectable citizen to the Tombs all night but for the mere accident of some wealthy friends accidentally hearing of the case. It is notorious that pimps and panders exercise great and fatal influence over the minds of these unhappy and miserable descendants of Midas and Rhadamanthus.

Could the fable of old be made a truth in New York, the seats of every Court of Justice would be covered with the skins of our corrupt or incapable Judges.

It is, therefore, indisputable that, if our fellow-citizens wish to preserve their personal liberty or the public order, they must take the Judiciary entirely out of the hands of the men who now control their elections, and place it in those of the Governor of the State, subject to the confirmation of the State Senate, and, as a still further guarantee of their respectability, a veto power should rest with the President, to be used in cases of emergency. The

Judges, of course, should be elected for life, subject to impeachment in case of gross misconduct.

These precautions would render our Republican Judiciary a blessing to our citizens, and the admiration of the world.

We can endure a rowdy Alderman—a fraudulent Treasurer—an unprincipled Mayor—or an ignorant Coroner—for all these evils correct themselves, and are not vital in their effects; but a weak, a wicked, a corrupt or an unjust Judge poisons the very source of the public morals, destroys the security of life, property and honor, and silently but surely plots the ruin of the Republic.

Our Operatic Intuition.

THE celebrated exotic plant the Italian Opera has at last, apparently, taken firm root in our democratic soil, and as long as real excellence is presented we have faith that it will flourish luxuriantly. With anything short of the present excellence it will dwindle in its proportions and fall into its former precarious and vagabond-like existence. Mr. Ullman has brought us up to a great standard—a standard so high that we are inclined to believe he himself will be sorely troubled to keep his company up to the mark. We will take our present enjoyment, however, pure as it comes to us, without mingling a regretful thought that the future may not be so brilliant or so fruitful of pleasure.

As our opera is at present constituted we believe it to be nearer to the European standard of excellence in all its details than it has ever reached before. We have several times had splendid combinations of artistic celebrities under the control of Max Maretzek, but public support was not sufficiently concentrated, an operatic fashionable society had then scarcely been organized, to enable him to carry out his plans with regard to the important details of a grand orchestra, chorus, scenery, &c. But Maretzek will always be remembered for his great fifty cent Castle Garden operatic campaign, during which he presented the greatest combination of artistic ability ever brought together under one management in America. It was so remarkable in every respect that we can think of it with pleasure, even while comparing it with the present admirable organization of the Academy of Music.

We have often been told that New York could not support a first-class opera, but we have always maintained its power and willingness to do so if the first-class company were presented. The trial has been made by Mr. Ullman, and has resulted in a complete success. He has dared more than his predecessors because he has had responsible parties to back him, and from this independent position he has been able to dictate terms to the sovereign people of the Empire City and its visitors, which have been accepted without a murmur, for the reason that for the price demanded a fair equivalent was given.

The attempt to prove the Italian opera an institution that fosters a pure taste for music is simply absurd. Nine-tenths of the habitués of the opera go because it is the fashion, or to show their dresses, or to flirt, or to kill time, and a large proportion of these hardly know the difference between the baritone and the soprano. Still it is an elegant amusement, and affords to those who really love the opera some evenings of rare luxury. It is true that it brings upon us two inflections that are very hard to bear. It raises up a host of young boarding-school ladies who scream and yell and torture the pet operatic arias in private circles and school exhibitions in a shocking manner, and it brings into requisition a thousand hand organs, which are always met with in pairs, grinding out the same well-known airs in different keys; still we cannot do without an Italian opera. Not only is it a distinguishing mark of advanced civilization and refinement, but it is the neutral ground upon which all musical devotees can meet without clashing. The German and French operas have each a class of admirers, too limited however for their support, but the Italian opera draws together all classes of people and nations, and is therefore the one musical institution which will always flourish in our great cities. All classes are interested in its success, and every effort should be made by those who direct public opinion to promote the success of the Italian opera.

Ullman and the Three Hungry Frenchmen.

MR. ULLMAN, the manager of the Academy, has come down with forty-parson power upon the proprietor of the *Courier des Etats-Unis*, Lasalle; the editor, Masseras; and the operatic feuilletonist, De Trobriand. He says in the mildest possible manner, that they not only demand and receive some eighteen tickets and reserved seats for the opera, and some fifty dollars per week for advertising the performances, but the artists are expected to sing at the "sugar and water soirées" of the operafuilletonist whenever he wishes to make an extra display. The manager justly complains that with all these accorded privileges, that little French organ, with its minute circulation, its minuter influence, and its minutest possible intelligence, indulges in persistent attacks upon his artists, and more especially, lately, upon Piccolomini. Mr. Ullman has endured the personal attacks constantly directed against himself with philosophic equanimity, but he rebels against the wanton and cruel attacks upon a young and talented girl, and a stranger among us. In his defence of Piccolomini he will be sustained by the whole city, let his motives be whatever they are.

We are always ready to stand up in defence of the craft, and to repel any aggressions made upon the privileges of the press; but there are bounds which no writer should transcend. Gross personal abuse has become too much the habit of late, and we confess that we are pleased when it receives a public rebuke. For a very long time the articles in the *Courier des Etats-Unis* have been characterized by a flippant impertinence, an assumption of social superiority, an air of "I am Sir Oracle," at once ridiculous and disgusting. De Trobriand is a smart writer who ignores everything that moves outside of his limited hybrid clique. He assumes to be the arbiter of taste, while in simple fact he depends upon the forced services of professional artists for his *éclat* in society. This "tithing" of the services of public singers is a practice much to be reprobated, and we think that it has received its first check-mate from the bold stand assumed by Mr. Ullman in his recent statement to the public.

Passing Notices.

THE MERRY BACHELORS, BROOKLYN.—The twentieth conversation of the Merry Bachelors was celebrated on the 11th inst. at

Gothic Hall. These parties have always been distinguished for their elegance and sociability, and the last was perhaps most to be admired for every quality that gives high character to fashionable entertainments. The music furnished by Dodworth was unexceptionable, and the number of persons present just large enough to fill the Hall without crowding it. At twelve o'clock the guests sat down to a splendid supper. We were sorry to learn from private sources, that several young ladies and one or two bewitching widows entered into a conspiracy last year to seriously damage the character of the association; they have been so far successful as to change the condition of several prominent members of the club, and if we may believe all we heard and saw, we should not be surprised if other single gentlemen left the bachelor ranks before another anniversary ball.

We are indebted to the kindness of Hon. John Cochran, M. C. for valuable public documents.

Eleventh Ward—Aldermanic Election.

The Electors of the Eleventh District should bear in mind that the Republican candidate for Alderman is the celebrated swill milk advocate, Alderman E. Harrison Reed. They can judge of his fitness to represent their interests in the City Government, by his course as a member of the committee appointed by the Board of Health to investigate the swill milk traffic in New York. Instead of endeavoring to rid the city of these pest-houses and their poisonous product, he bolstered up the one and approved of the other, in defiance of the testimony of the most eminent medical authorities, and of statistics perfectly overwhelming in their condemnation of the swill stables and their filthy product.

The electors of the Eleventh District should bear the fact in mind. E. Harrison Reed comes before them for re-election with the smell of the cow-stable iniquity and the ill odor of swill milk and swill beef tainting the atmosphere wherever he moves. The electors of the Eleventh District owe it to the community at large and to themselves as fathers and husbands, to rebuke this man Reed, and, by defeating his election and the cow-stable vote, deprive him of the power of doing further harm by perpetuating declared nuisances.

Women of the Eleventh District, see that your husbands, sons, brothers or lovers do not vote for E. Harrison Reed, who says that swill milk is good enough to feed your innocent children on! Save the honor of the District and the lives of your infants!

LITERATURE.

The Courtship of Miles Standish, and other Poems. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

It is natural that any new work by Longfellow should attract universal attention. It is also to be expected that there will be a great variety in the opinions expressed as to its merits. Criticism in this country and in England is governed so completely by cliques, that we can hardly hope to find a general honest expression of opinion about any one book. We have been especially amused at the totally opposite views taken by the English Press of the poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," one class condemning it unconditionally, with a justification that smacks more of judgment than personal prejudice; the other, praises blindly, and finds beauties which, we venture to say, were never claimed nor dreamed of by the poet. But whether for or against, the copious editorial notices of the Press have served the purpose of extensive advertising, and have called attention and given a circulation to the work, which must be highly gratifying both to the publisher and the author, and cause them to have the credit, either of over-estimation or otherwise. We notice "Miles Standish's Courtship" very hesitantly, because it is extremely beautiful and characteristic. There is nothing strained in the effort to produce effect; the men and women are merely human and talk as naturally as the best modern verse will permit. The poem is remarkable for its admirable delineation of character; each one is made out with a distinctness so unmistakable that we know them thoroughly, and see at a glance that they are of the same mold as ourselves, and are drawn with a truthful pencil from the great book of Nature.

The poem opens in the house of Miles Standish, he being present with his friend John Alden. A few lines bring them bodily before us:

"Glad to doubtless and here, and boots of Coriander leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad to the shoulders, deep chested, with muscle and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet hair was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as if he had been in November.
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair-haired, and sure-eyed, with delicate skin and complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captive
When St. Gregory saw, and exclaimed, 'Not as angels but angels
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the May Flower.'"

The Captain was a soldier and nothing else. Now he speaks out in the following:

"Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the scribbler,
Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,
Healing the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm down-
wards,
Heavily on the page: 'A wonderful man was this Cæsar!
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skillful!'

'Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,
When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,
And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together
There was no room for their swords! Why, he seized a shield from a
soldier,

Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the
captains,
Calling on each by his name, to order forward the charges;
Then to waken the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;
So he won the day, the battle of something or other.
That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others.'"

Now, the old soldier, if not perfectly in love with Priscilla, thinks she will
pleasantly fill the place of his youthful wife, Miss Standish—

"Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the May Flower!"

So being himself timid in regard to women, he asks John Alden to carry a
proposal of marriage from him to the beautiful Priscilla. Now, John loves the
maiden himself, and suggests to the Captain that he should carry out his fa-
vorite mission, to "do it himself and not leave it to others." But the Captain
claims the favor in the name of friendship, and John goes on his errand. So
he enters the home of Priscilla, the beautiful Puritan maiden, who greets him,
saying:

"I knew it was you when I heard your step in the passage;
For I was thinking of you as I sat there singing and spinning."
This was a bad beginning for poor John who had come to woo for another.
However, he labored hard and honestly, stated his friend's case, and spoke up
for him manfully, and with all the warmth of true friendship; but the pretty,
true-hearted Priscilla pouted and rather confounded poor John, when—

"As he warmed and glowed, in his simple of quaint language,
Quite forgetful of self and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes over running with laughter,
Said, in a triumphant voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'

Poor John, completely taken aback, rushed from the house, tell the whole
story to Miles, who, like an old fox, as most old lovers are, gets into a terrible
rage, abuses the poor youth shamefully, and goes away unconquered upon a
sudden call to look after the Indians. John considers himself a traitor, and
determines to expiate his infamy returning at once to England in the May
Flower, who is on the point of sailing.

The whole description of the preparations for sailing, and the intimate de-
parture of the vessel is graphic, truthful and full of the exciting battle of real
life. John seeks the comfort of his heavy heart, and in the eve of stepping
into the boat, when he sees Priscilla

"Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing;
Fixed were her eyes upon him, as if he drew his intention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring and patient,
That John Alden, with a sudden impulse, said to himself, 'I will remain!'

The ship goes, and one by one the people depart until Priscilla and John are

standing on the sea shore alone. Priscilla, like a true-hearted girl, asks John
if he is so much offended that he will not speak to her, because

"—when you were pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my dear, impulsive and wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spoke out, forgetful, perhaps, of decorum?
Certainly you can't give me for speaking so frankly, for saying
What I thought not to have said, yet now I can never un-
say it. But there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or late its organs, like a pebble,
Leap some careless word, it overflows and the secret,
Spoken on the ground like water, can never be gathered together."

Priscilla speaks with fervor and truthful earnestness, and John feels a little
ashamed, though he will not own it; and, still true to his friendship, he does
not declare himself, but they go their way, if it be clear lovers, bound heart
to heart to each other. Meanwhile Miles Standish, the doughty Captain,
performs mighty deeds against the Indians by Indians. He sends some
troopers of his own, and Priscilla, who is now in love, leaves his
return, but he cannot claim her as a reward of his valor. But in the midst of
one of the most stirring scenes between John and Priscilla, news is brought
that Miles Standish is dead—betrayed into an ambush and slaughtered by the
red men.

Horrors! such a fate, they stand paralyzed, but suddenly the con-
vention-bells upon them that they are free, and John, clasp the motionless
form of Priscilla close to his heart, exclaiming, with deep emotion,
"Thus when the Lord has willed it, let me meet him in another!"

So the lovers prepare for the wedding; the bridal morning arrives, the guests
are all assembled, the ceremonies are ended, when all there stood
"Bodily true in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!"

The joy and surprise of all were great, and John's adoration of the
bride and the forgiveness of his heart for her, and the reveal of his old
truly relations. Such is the plot of the poem of "The Courtship of Miles
Standish," and we give it in all its simplicity. The few extracts we have made
were selected as being the most striking in the story than as specimens of marked
beauty. All, in fact, simple and direct, and will serve to show the character of
the poem. They will give, however, but a faint idea of the poet's genius, the
characteristic delineation, the glowing descriptions of nature, the quaint and
delicate beauty of his language, and the spirit and manner of
the time and place, which we do not have room to say every page of the poem.

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Gannon's Chambermaid was redolent of pertness, cleverness and brusqueness.
Mary is as full of piquancy as a plum is of juice. Doynt was very good. The
public cannot have better diet for an evening's entertainment.

Burton's Theatre.—We have the pleasure to announce that Mr. Spaul-
ding, so favorably known to the public, has taken this beautiful theatre, and
will commence his theatrical campaign in the course of a few days. He has,
we are told, engaged a company of such excellence that there can be no doubt
of his success.

Laura Keane's Theatre.—We have merely to chronicle another week
of the most remarkable success of "Our American Cousin." Although this is
the fifth week, there is still the same thronged audience every night. It is
to be confessed that the company at this theatre is one of the most artistic in
America.

Barbican's Museum.—Habit is stronger than Nature, and the pleasure-
loving denizens of New York have got into the habit of crowding to the
American Museum, seldom inquiring what the entertainment will be till they
have got inside. The Giant and Dwarf are still great attractions, and give us
an idea of what Nature can do when she acts a part in a roset. Mr. Green-
wood has some new attractions in prospect which will delight the hearts of the
holiday folks.

CHESS.

All communications and newspaper articles intended for the Chess Department should
be addressed to T. Pratt, the Chess Editor, Box 2408, N. Y. P. O.

THE MORPHY MEMORIAL.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Brooklyn Chess Club was held at Bas-
ford's Rooms, corner of Court and Remond streets, on Saturday evening, 13th inst., on which occasion a number of gentlemen, members and
officers of the Club, were assembled as a committee to act in conjunction with
the committee already appointed by the New York Club, to carry out the
subject matter of the circular of the joint committee, a copy of which is
given below. On the Club being called to order Mr. Frederick Green, the
President, made some eloquent remarks in relation to the distinguished
career of Mr. Morphy in Europe, stating among other things that the great
impetus given to the spread of Chess throughout the world was due to the
brilliant talent of the youthful American chess player, and that the Chess
players of America owed him much for his great services to the cause of
Chess. With the view of carrying out successfully the intention of a
National memorial suggested that a committee be appointed to act in
the matter. The committee was duly appointed. The following is the dis-
cuss of the joint committee:

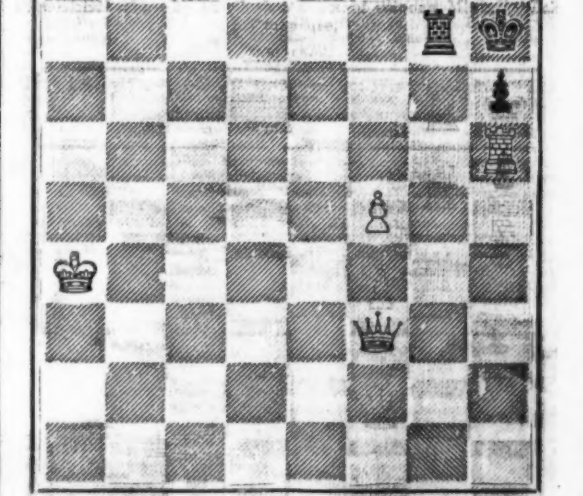
NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO PAUL MORPHY.—The brilliant career of our dis-
tinguished countryman, Mr. Paul Morphy, whose services to the cause of Chess
can hardly be over-estimated, seem to demand some national recognition,
his numerous friends and admirers, here and elsewhere, propose to present
to him, in an enduring and substantial form, their high appreciation of his
wonderful powers as a Chess player, and sterling qualities as a man. For
the purpose they design, in his arrival home, to ask his acceptance of a set
of gold and silver Chessmen, exquisitely and elaborately wrought, in metal
on coronation pedestal, and accompanied with a richly laid Chess-board.
In addition to this should the fund warrant it, a commemorative medal will
be struck, of which our youthful champion will receive a copy in gold, and
each subscriber to the fund to the amount of five dollars a copy in bronze.
To this end they ask the cordial co-operation of every Chess player, and of all
those who take pride in the fact that in still another art American genius
has excelled from the nations of Europe their ancient superiority. Chess
clubs are asked to appoint committees to further the object, and lovers of
Chess throughout the country are requested to procure the inserion of this
circular in their local papers. Subscriptions may be forwarded to James
Tompson, Esq. 359 Broadway, Treasurer of the memorial committee. As
Mr. Morphy is expected to return during the coming month, his friends will
see the necessity of prompt and efficient action. By order of the New York
and Brooklyn Committees.

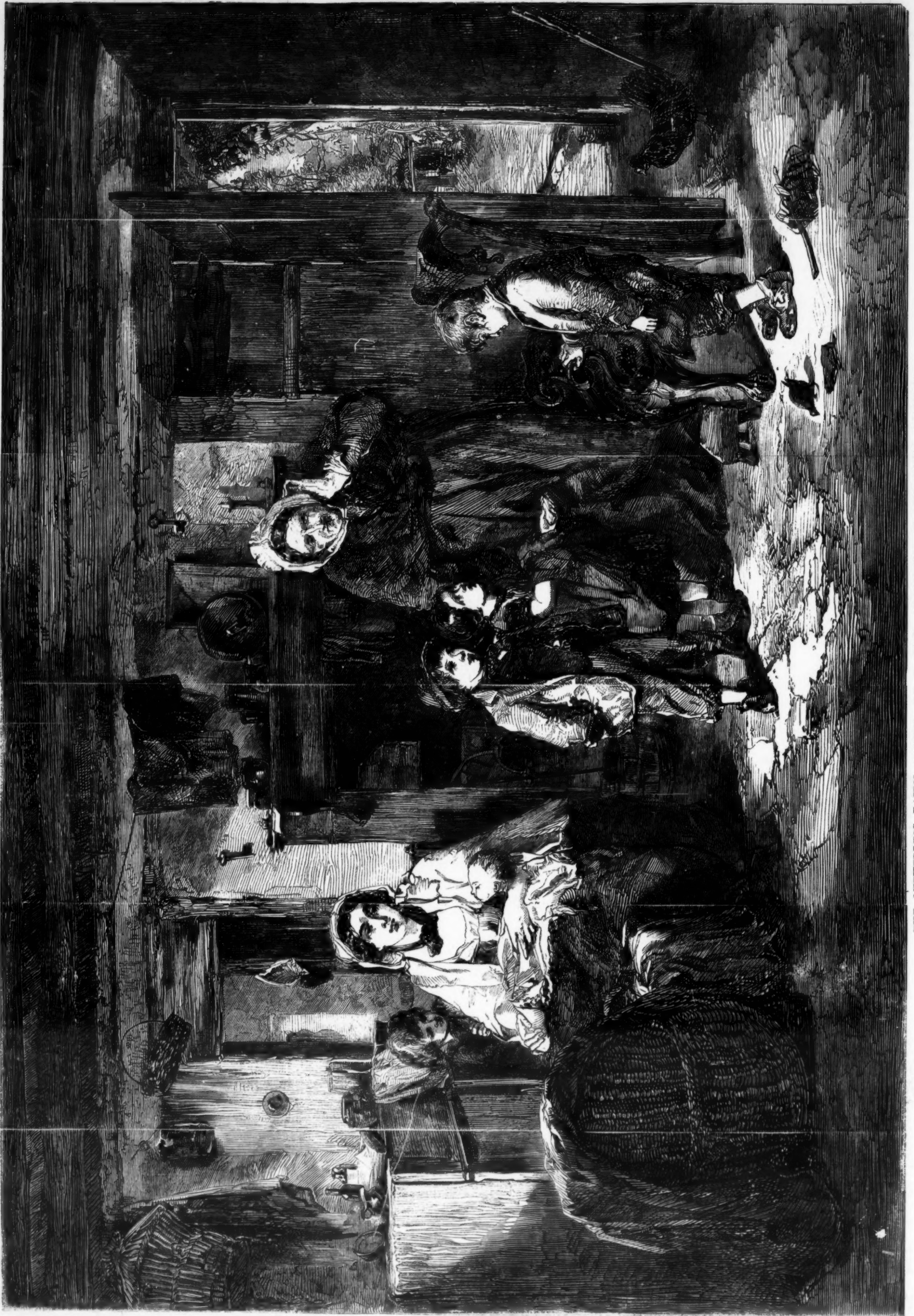
N. Y. City, Nov. 11th, 1858.

TESTIMONIAL COMMITTEE FOR BROOKLYN.—Theodore Liehtenstein, President;
Daniel W. Fiske, Secretary; James Thompson, Treasurer; Hon. John Van
Buren Judge of the New York Court of Appeals; Charles D. Mead, Baron Regis De
Tribunal, Hon. Thomas Addis Emmet, Attorney-General, Harry R. Worthington,
W. J. A. Fuller, A. Foster Higgins, J. Lorimer Graham, Jr., Rev. Dr. Wm.
Walton, S. Heibach, John S. Union.

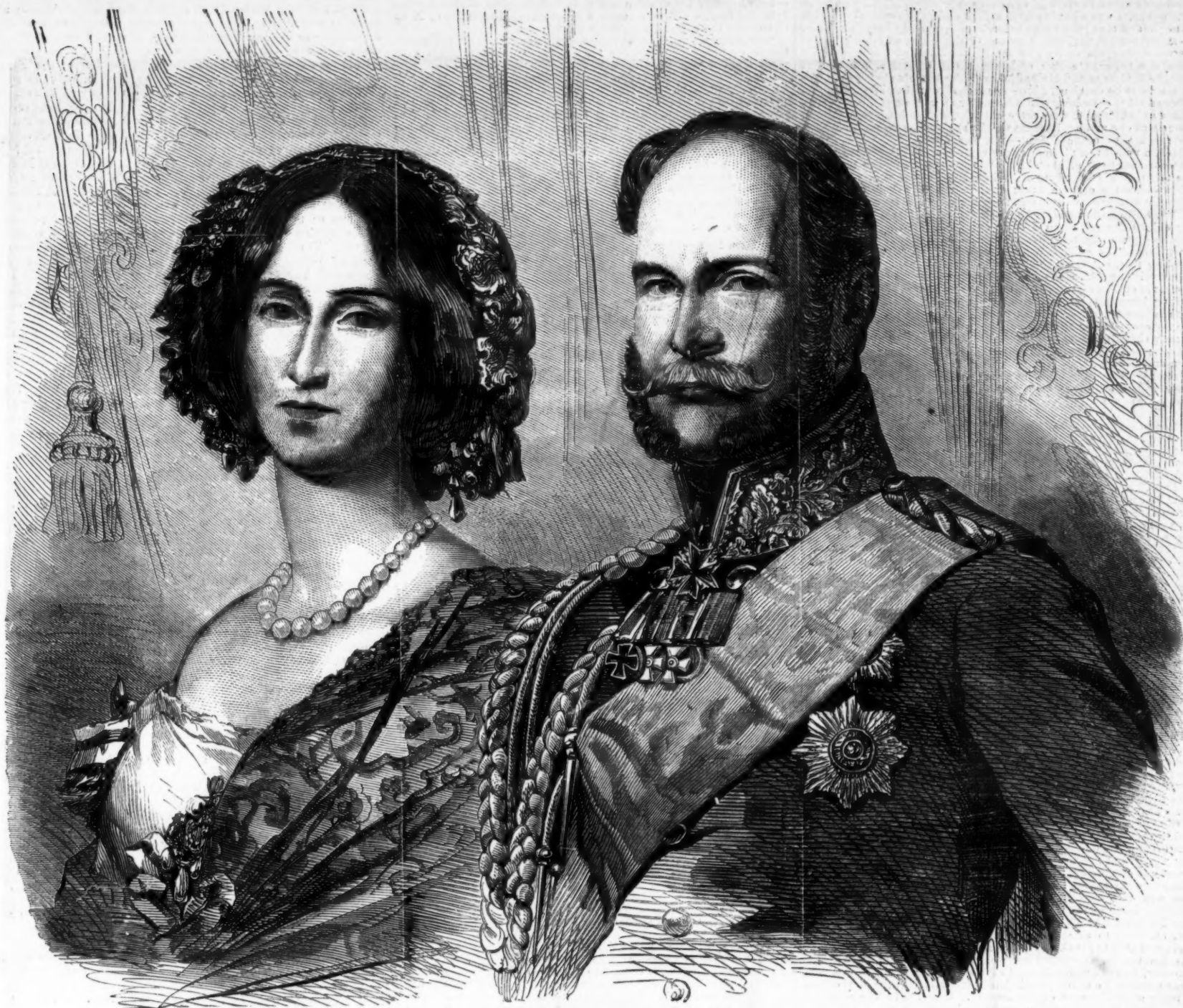
TESTIMONIAL COMMITTEE FOR BROOKLYN.—Frederick Perrin, President; Thomas
Frere, Secretary; Alfred Thompson, Treasurer; Napoleon Marache, J. Gallop,
Henry W. Barnes, William Horner, Leon Guillaume, D. S. Hines, R. Gar-
rigues, Dr. A. C. Hawes, C. W. Schufler, Robert C. Sheehan.

PROBLEM 172.—By Dr. C. C. Moore, of Winona, Minn. "Take
my measure."





THE MITHERLESS BARN.—PAINTED BY T. FAED.—EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.—SEE PAGE 412

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

IN a small cottage on the estates of Lord Grahame, in a room destitute of all furniture, save the bed and one low chest, lay a dying woman. Suffering, poverty and despair, had stamped each their rigid impress on a face once fair, now painfully wan and pale. It had been one of those round, blooming faces whose beauty consisted in the fair complexion, rosy cheeks, dancing eyes and curling hair, more than in regularity of feature. Taking away these, and the merry arch expression, it was almost homely in the thin outline. She was alone, but her eyes were fixed upon the door with an eager, longing look, which plainly showed she expected some one; and while she still looks for her visitor, I will draw a sketch of her history.

Ada Leslie was the only child of Lord Grahame, the pet and darling of his house. Her mother having died at an early age, she became her father's idol, and no indulgence or advantage that money could provide was denied her. She was literally a spoiled child, vain, wilful and impulsive, but generous, frank and talented. At an early age she was betrothed to Charles Leslie, a young artist of talent and standing, handsome, wealthy and accomplished. She loved him fervently and fondly; and great was the shock to her heart when her father one day informed her that her lover—her idol I had almost said—was in the habit of drinking deeply, and he (her father) considered it her duty to break off the match, and keep his darling for a worthier man.

After the first shock was over, Ada determined never to abandon her lover; she, with the romance of sixteen, declared she believed her mission was to reform Charles; and she knew, as her husband, he would leave his one vice for her sake. Had he not said so? Remonstrances, even threats, were vain to turn her from her resolution; and finally, in anger, her father told her to decide between himself and Charles; for so surely as she married a drunkard, he would cast her off for ever. She did decide, and became Charles Leslie's wife. Four years after her marriage, her husband died, a poor drunkard. For two years after that she supported herself and her little boy, pleading in vain for forgiveness from her father; and now, after a long illness of nearly thirteen months, during which time she had lived by charity, she lay dying in the meanest cottage on her father's estate.

The door opened, and a woman came in, leading by the hand a little boy. The invalid's breath came short and quick, and she feebly raised her head, lifting her eyes with a mournful, inquiring look to the woman's face.

"Sure, marm," said she, with a strong brogue, "the ould gintleman was in the very worst of timpers; and I wouldn't like to repate his message, marm, whin I tould him ye'd be wishin' to see him."

"Yes, yes, Hannah, tell me! What did my father say?"

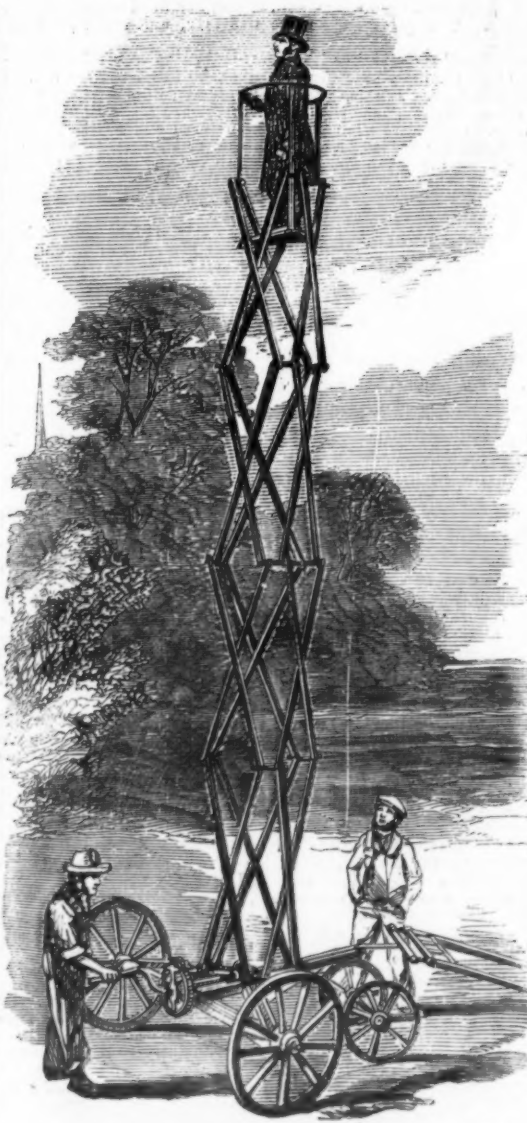
"Sure, marm, he said ye had gone to live away from him; and he wouldn't come—and—"

"Yes, Hannah, and what?"

"And ye might die without him! Oh, sure, what have I done!" cried Hannah, as Ada fell back senseless on the pillow. "Sure, he didn't believe ye were so bad. Ooh, my lady, don't take it so hard! Arrah, what'll I do! It's off on a faint she is!"

A deep, deep faint—Ada Leslie was dead!

She was buried by charity; and her little son Hector, heir-at-law of all these broad lands before him, was turned a beggar on the world. Poor little fellow! Too young to realize the full misery of his condition, he was very sensitive at the loss of his mother's love, and to the pangs of hunger he had often to endure. With a bundle containing one little shirt given by some kind but poor neighbor, his mother's wedding-ring marked on the inside with her initials and his father's, and a little book of religious maxims, presented by the clergyman of the parish as a reward for regular attendance at the Sunday school, Hector Leslie left the cottage where his mother had breathed her last to try to find his way to London.



PATENT SCAFFOLDING AND OBSERVATORY.—SEE PAGE 412.

One afternoon, weary and hungry, he stopped at a farm-house on his way to beg a night's rest in the barn, and a piece of bread for his supper. He timidly entered the kitchen, and with downcast eyes, and low humble tones, he told his touching story, and craved relief. The party listened in silence. The mother clasped her infant closer to her breast, as she fancied one of her own little ones left so destitute; Aunt Martha, a neighbor who had happened to come in, stood waiting for the conclusion to urge his timid request; Roland, the eldest boy, whispered to his mother to give the little boy his Sunday jacket; while George and Ella stood near Aunt Martha; Ella, with her cherished piece of cake, saved from some children's feast, preferred to the wanderer; and George, his hands in his pockets, trying to hide his profound sympathy with an assumption of manliness.

"Poor boy!" said Aunt Martha. "So young to be an orphan!

What did you say your name was?"

"Hector Leslie," he replied. "Father died long ago; mother died only a little while ago. Here's the picture father painted of mother." And he drew from his bosom a small case containing an exquisite miniature of his mother before want had marred her beauty.

"You're not like her," said Aunt Martha. "Her eyes were blue and her hair yellow; your eyes are black, and your hair is brown. Perhaps you are like your father."

"Mother used to say so," he replied. "Please, ma'am, how far is it to London?" he inquired.

"London!" said Aunt Martha. "What's such a child as you going to do in London? Have you anybody to go to there?"

"No, ma'am," he replied. "I have nobody anywhere now mother's dead; but I can get something to do there, perhaps; at least Mrs. Jenkins says so."

"Mrs. Jenkins is a simpleton!" said Aunt Martha. "What can you do?"

"I can make a fire, ma'am, and make tea, and pat up the pillows when mother is in bed so nicely, and put the sheet over her smooth, and—Oh, dear! I've got no mother to do it for now!" And, with a deep sob, the little fellow sat down on a stool, and laying his head on a chair, wept bitterly. The mother called her children away; and Hector sobbed himself to sleep.

He was still asleep when James Fothergill, the owner of the house, came in, who, as soon as he caught sight of poor Hector, shouted out, "Halloo, Lucy! where did this little chap come from?"

"It's a poor little orphan, James, who came to beg," she replied. "I should like to keep him, James. See what a little boy he is!—and he has such a frank, good face, and speaks as prettily as any little gentleman. Do let me keep him; he can take Roland's clothes after he outgrows them; and one mouth more is not much. May he stay?"

James drew his wife close to his breast. "I always loved your kind heart, Lucy," he said; "and was it not your dowry that bought the 'arm? You have the right to fill it, my own warm-hearted wife."

Do not smile, reader. James Fothergill, at thirty-eight, the father of four children, was as warm a lover as when, eleven years before, he had asked the blushing Lucy to be his wife. Truly, Hector had found a pleasant home. The good farmer and his pretty, loving wife were thankful for the bounties Heaven had showered upon them, and were no niggards in sharing them with those less fortunate. The children had their mother's warm heart and their father's free hand. Hector was taken into the hearts of all, and soon filled the place. Frank, intelligent and affectionate, he strove by every means in his power to prove his gratitude for the mercies granted him; and as time sped on, all forgot he was not born a son of the house. James Fothergill inquired in the place where his mother had died, and found out the boy's high birth. He went to Lord Grahame, and told him of his grandson's destitute condition.

but the old men refused to see, or in any way aid, his daughter's child; and the farmer returned with the news to Lucy, who, having become attached to Hector, was overjoyed.

The former was what is called well to do in the world, that is, his farm yielded enough for him to live comfortably, and send his boys, Hector included, to the first school of the place, where there were first-rate teachers and many intelligent scholars. Hector early showed a passionate love of learning, and outstripped, in a short time, both George and Roland, though the latter's abilities were by no means to be despised. He was much slower than Hector, but he retained all that he learned. George was a very active, manly boy, whose animal spirits were more prominent than his love for study. There was one accomplishment taught at the academy which Hector embraced with eager delight—this was drawing. At home or at school, a pencil and piece of paper were his perfect pleasure; and he was never tired of sketching the scenery around the farm, and the faces of his benefactors. When Hector was nearly fourteen years old, there came a great grief to the farm-house. The youngest daughter, was thrown from her pony and instantly killed.

Mrs. Fothergill was seated in her own room alone, the day after her child's funeral, when Hector entered with a slow, sorrowful step, and sympathy was strongly marked on his handsome face.

"Mother," he said, kneeling beside her, "I have been months painting this, but it was not finished until last night. Will you accept it?" he said, placing in her hands a likeness of the lost one. Perfect in outline and coloring, and the size of life, the face seemed smiling hope from the paper to the bereaved mother, who, through her blinding tears, looked upon that dear face she had thought of for ever. After this event Hector was, if possible, still more warmly cherished than before.

Two more years passed away quickly to two at the farm-house, Ella and Hector, who loved each other after the most approved manner of heroes and heroines from time immemorial. Hector was now a tall, manly boy, with a good education, fine manners, and for one of his age, great proficiency in languages; but his ruling passion, his love, his life, I had almost said, was for his art, as he long termed painting. In this he had gone far beyond his master at the academy, and practising perseveringly, sighed for opportunities to travel and study the old masters, of whose works he had read so much. Often missing him at meal times, Ella would seek for him, and find him in the fields or barn, his easel before him, working busily at his pet art. Great was his delight when a neighbor, taking what he considered his mastery, came to London, sold it to an artist for an assortment of colors, brushes, canvases and other articles for his work, and returned to Hector almost endless. He was now laboring in secret to finish a group of his benefactor and his family, his first effort in oil-colors, over which his hand would so tremble, and his cheek flush with excitement, that he was often obliged to lay aside his pencil to still the beating of his heart.

Ella, the artist's love, as she so often whispered to herself, had grown from the child who had offered Hector her cake to a lovely girl of fifteen. She was very beautiful; her dark brown hair, with its profusion of soft curls, was looped back from a face that might well claim the admiration of a poet or an artist. Oval in form, with large, soft brown eyes, with that pensive expression which sorrow would have made melancholy; a pure, pale complexion, only on rare occasions tinged with a faint color; regular features, and sweet expression; her face was lovely, whether in repose or animated. Her form was tall and slight, and her movements were graceful. She had her mother's loving disposition, added to a refinement in her manners which did not seem to belong to a farm-house.

Roland was a tall, rather awkward boy of eighteen, not handsome, very shy and reserved, fond of books, the best mathematician who had ever left the academy, and already assisting his father by transacting all the head work of the farm, managing the accounts, keeping the bank-book, and other business which the farmer was very glad to transfer to him. George, the youngest boy, had left home at the age of fourteen to go to sea. He had made one voyage of two years, and had again left home for a longer cruise, just one month previous to the time I am now writing.

A great change now came in Hector's life. One evening a gentleman stopped at the farm, and requested shelter for the night, as a storm was coming up. He was received with ready hospitality and taken into the parlor. He had not been there long before his attention was attracted by the numerous drawings and water-color paintings hanging on the walls; and in answer to his questions, Mrs. Fothergill, in Hector's absence, gave him a sketch of the boy's life, omitting to mention his high birth; for Hector had implored them all never to speak of his grandfather's unkindness, because it was his mother's father they would condemn. Mr. Ashton, the traveller, listened with interest to the story, but made no comments. Next morning he asked permission to stay a short time at the farm to make some sketches of the scenery. Sketches! The word fell on Hector's quick ear, and drew forth his eager questions. Was their visitor an artist? Indeed he was, and to mean one, as the boy soon found out. For a month he remained on the farm; and during that time Hector was too happy. He praised his pictures, said he was a genius, encouraged his efforts, and prophesied a glorious future if he persevered in the course he had chosen; he corrected his faults, lent him copies, took him out sketching with him, gave him numerous invaluable hints about his family picture; and, when he left the farm, promised to return in a short time. What a flood of happiness he had opened for our hero! Two weeks after Mr. Ashton left the farm-house there arrived presents from London for all the family; and Hector's was, in his eyes, perfection—several books on painting, a number of steel plates and lithographs for copies, and a long letter full of encouragement and counsel.

Time sped on. Hector was nineteen when Mr. Ashton again visited the farm-house. This time he came to bid them farewell; he was going abroad to Italy, and he offered to take Hector with him as his secretary, and give him the coveted opportunity of studying the old masters. After two days' stay at the farm he returned to London to prepare for his journey, promising to return in a month to take his protégé, if he was willing to go. Hector's heart and brain were in a whirl of doubt and delight—doubt at the enchanting prospect opened before him; doubt as to whether it would be right to leave his friends, even for this. His warm, impulsive heart seemed bursting with love and gratitude as he thought of what they had been to him; and then came the thought of Ella. Could he leave her, his love, his promised wife, whose sorrowful eyes seemed reproaching him for thinking of happiness apart from her? But Mr. Fothergill settled his doubts by commanding him to accept the offer.

"We shall miss you sadly, my boy," said the farmer, kindly; and there was a hushiness in his voice as he laid his hand lightly on Hector's curls. "We shall miss you sadly. My own sons have never been more dutiful and affectionate than the child of my adoption. No father could have loved you more tenderly than I have, or grieved more at parting with you; but it is best. You will learn much, Hector; and when you return, remember, while I have a roof over my head, there will be a place for you. Pshaw!" he said, as Hector threw himself, sobbing, into his arms, "tears are for girls, my boy!"

"May God bless you, my more than father!" said Hector, with a broken voice; "and may he shower mercies on you as you have shown them to me! Years and years of gratitude cannot repay you; but God will surely bless you for your kindness to a poor orphan lad."

There were many more partings. Mrs. Fothergill had not wept more over George's departure than over Hector's. And how can I paint Ella's grief?

"You will forget me," she said, sadly, as they were taking the last walk together. "Mr. Ashton is rich and childless, and he loves you. You will be a great artist, and I shall be forgotten."

Hector stood transfixed, looking at her as if he doubted her sanity. "Forget you, Ella!" he said, "you, the angel of my childhood, and now my betrothed! Forget you!"

"Nay, Hector, do not look so reproachfully at me. Love me always," she said, as her head fell upon his breast, "love me always; for your love is my life. Oh, Hector, how can I let you go! It is best—you must go; but I feel as if I was tearing my heart out, my artist love."

He bent over her with promises of never varying love and constancy, and again and again swearing never, never to change, until she grew calmer; and then they talked hopefully of the future, when he should return a great artist to claim his bride.

It was over. Hector was on his way to Italy; and there was a great gap in the farm-house. Never had they realised so fully as now what the loving boy had been to them; they missed him at all times.

Two years more passed on, and again we return to Hector. Seated in a beautiful studio in Florence was a group of five persons—Mr. Ashton, his newly-made wife, her daughter Nina, a young, beautiful Italian girl of sixteen, a fine-looking Englishman, Nina Cameron's lover, and Hector—our Hector.

"So it is your twenty-first birthday, Hector," said Ernest Grant, the young Englishman I have mentioned. "What presents have you received?"

"A hair chain from Nina, a kiss from Mrs. Ashton, and this book from Mr. Ashton," replied Hector. "Now, if I could only hear from England, get some answer to the many letters I have written this last year, what a happy birthday this would be! Ah, fairies have heard me!" he cried, as the servant entered, and handed him a letter post-marked in England. "Hurrah! from my friend and your nephew, Mr. Ashton, who is the only person in England who answers me now. Eh! what?"

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Ashton, as Hector tore open a letter inclosed in the first one, and, after reading it, turned deadly pale, and sat in a chair.

"Read them," said Hector, busily, handing them to Mr. Ashton, who read aloud:

"DEAR HEC—I have but a few moments to spare to answer your last, so must condense the important news I send. I made inquiries for your friends, the Fothergills. The old man is dead, the farm sold, and the family scattered. Roland is gone to India as secretary to some body, I forget whom; George was lost at sea; and the widow and her daughter have left their home and I can get no clue to them. Now for my great news. Lord Grahame is dead, and has left a will making you heir to one of the finest estates and largest incomes in England. You were very shy in concealing your relationship; but the lawyers advertised for you; and I went to them, and so learned the great news. I inclose the letter, with which accept the heartiest congratulations of your sincere friend,

GEO. ASHTON."

The inclosed letter was from the lawyers, verifying the report of his friend, and urging immediate return to England.

"So you must leave us," said Mr. Ashton, handing back the letters. "Why, Hector, man, what a fate for such glorious tidings!"

"Poor Ella!" said Hector, in a low tone; "this is why I have never heard from them. My father and George both dead! Oh, Mr. Ashton, I have no heart for good news now! Yes," he added, springing to his feet, "I must leave you; I must find her." And he left the room.

"Poor boy!" said Mrs. Ashton; "I know his heart. His love and gratitude swallow up his sense of this good news. He forgets all his own good fortune in the sorrows of his friends."

One week after this Hector was on his way to England. When he arrived in London, after settling his business, proving his identity, and being installed in the possession of his inheritance, he took rooms in a fashionable quarter, and commenced his search for Ella. Mr. and Mrs. Ashton returned to England shortly after himself to purchase the trousseau of Nina, and see her in the new home Ernest Grant was preparing for her. Hector was very busy now, helping them, taking the lovely Italian, Mrs. Ashton (or Mr. Ashton had married an Italian widow) to the most stylish London shops, and making his artist's eye useful in the selection of colors and fabrics for the bridal array.

In a small room in the suburbs of London sat Mrs. Fothergill. She was dressed in widow's weeds, and the appearance of the room betokened poverty, though not grinding oppressive want. The furniture was neat and plain; and her own dress, though of coarse material, was well made and very nice. James Fothergill had left his widow poor, for his farm had declined during the last two years of his life, owing partly to Roland's absence in India, and his father's age being inadequate to support the burden then thrown upon him. He had insisted upon his son's acceptance of a good offer as secretary to a gentleman going to India, and bitterly felt his loss after he was gone. He died poor; and his widow was now living on what she earned as a seamstress, and Ella's wages as assistant in a milliner's shop. Roland occasionally sent sums of money, or presents, so that they lived very comfortably with economy. Mrs. Fothergill was reading an avowal of the return of Lord Grahame to his native land, and a criticism of the paintings he had brought from abroad. She was going back, in fancy, to the little boy who stood with timid manner petitioning for a night's lodging and a piece of bread. Suddenly Ella entered, her face flushed, and her form trembling with excitement.

"Mother, I have seen him," she said, as she threw herself down beside her mother's chair, and then, starting up again, began to pace the room busily. "He came into the shop with two ladies to buy a bonnet for his bride. She was with him; and he selected the white one I made this week. My handiwork on his bride! Strange, is it not? She is very beautiful, a brunette, very lovely. Mother, mother! he is great, rich, noble, and he has forgotten me."

The touching pathos in her voice brought tears to her mother's eyes. Ella sank upon a sofa, and, laying her head upon her arm, moaned. The great excitement was over, and the sorrow remained.

"Mother," she said, in a low, heart-broken voice, as Mrs. Fothergill bent pityingly over her, "mother, he has forgotten me! I have been true. You know that I refused a wealthy marriage twice for his sake before," she said bitterly, "before I knew of his great fortune. I hoped and longed for his return; and now! This accounts, too, for his long silence. He never answered the letter I wrote after I left the farm-house, when he was at Rome; and I thought it had missed him; but he was false. He loved this Italian then; Nina he called her. Mother! mother! he had forgotten me!"

She did not know that the letter she wrote to Rome missed him because he was in Florence; and his letter, telling her of the change, reached the farm-house after she had left it.

Hector, meanwhile, was standing in the milliner's shop with Nina, admiring the pretty white bonnet, and acting as interpreter between the shop-woman and his Italian friends.

"Yes, yes," said the milliner, in reply to some question, "the maker of that bonnet is my most tasty apprentice. It was a lucky day I secured the services of that young girl."

"If you will let her take an order," said Hector, at a request from Nina, "the lady would like to give her particular directions about another bonnet."

"Certainly, sir. Send Ella Fothergill here," she said to the boy.

Ella Fothergill! Had he heard right? Hector's heart beat quickly as he waited the boy's return.

"Gone home in a great hurry with the headache," said the boy, returning.

Hector got her address from the obliging milliner, promised to call again about the bonnet, and, with a few words of exclamation, put Mrs. Ashton and Nina into the carriage, and followed Ella.

Mrs. Fothergill spoke fond words of comfort to her daughter; but Ella could only think and say, "He has forgotten me! How I loved him, mother!—How I have lived in the hope of seeing him once more! Hector! come to me, or my heart will break! He is not false; he has missed my letters; but oh, that bride, Nina! Hector, I trusted you as my life, and you are false!"—Ella! said a low, deep voice.

He was there, living before her, with his eyes fixed with a world of tenderness upon her face. Nina was forgotten; and with a sob of joy she sprung into his open arms. He had heard her last words as she entered; and he would not release her until he had told her all, and she had sobbed her sorrow for doubting him. They were still in the room in that close embrace when a man entered. The widow's cry of "Roland!" explained who was this new arrival; and more embracing and words of welcome followed.

"Mother, said Roland, taking her hand, "you have had much joy to-night; can you bear more? Listen! I was sitting in my room seven months ago, when a man entered, a sailor, who had been shipwrecked on one of the islands in the Pacific, picked up by a friendly vessel, brought to India, and had found me out."

"George!" gasped the widow, "my boy George! He is with you?"

Before Roland could reply, George was in his mother's arms. And so we will leave them, merely adding that in his prosperity Hector did not forget the friends of his childhood. After his marriage with Ella, George was placed as captain on a fine vessel as any in the merchant service; Roland was located as a professor of mathematics in a flourishing college; while Mrs. Fothergill had a splendid home with her daughter and the "Misses Bairn."

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.

For many months the affairs of Prussia have been the subject of anxious attention with all who are interested in the stability and peaceful progressiveness of that monarchy; and since these desiderata appear to have been at length hopelessly secured by the discomfiture of the corrupt cabinet which has, until recently, wielded the power of the State, and the elevation of the Prince of Prussia to the Regency, the portrait of the latter will be gazed upon with no less interest than curiosity. It is well known that Frederic William IV., the present King of Prussia, has been incapacitated from the exercise of his royal functions for the last eighteen months, through a disorder affecting his intellect equally with his physical powers; and since the autumn of 1857 his brother, Prince Frederic William Louis, has acted as Regent, though he has not been invested with full powers of government. Under these circumstances, a clique of illiberal Ministers have succeeded in carrying out a policy altogether unsuited to the age or to the conditions of Prussia—a policy of repression and suspicion in domestic affairs, and of unworthy truckling abroad. The Prince of Prussia, though scarcely to be termed a man of liberal opinions, is characterized by strong common sense and honest straightforwardness; and although he has hitherto abstained from participation in public affairs, he has the reputation of a tendency to popularize the government of his country, and to extend the few privileges with which it is at present endowed. In consequence of his avowed or suspected opposition to their designs, the despotically inclined *junker-paries* (party of the nobility), as represented by the Ministry, used every effort to prevent a resignation into his hands of full power as Regent, but they have at length been defeated, as on the 7th of October the King solemnly re-vested his royal prerogatives into his brother's hands, who on the 20th of the same month addressed the Prussian Assembly with the following brief speech:

I present myself to the National Deputies with painful feelings but much confidence.

I am called by the King to assume the Regency until God in His mercy shall have allowed him again to discharge the duties of his royal office—an event which I incessantly pray for. It is a source of relief to me that the King, in his own first common wish, has summoned me to assume the Regency. In obedience to this intimation of the royal will I have, in consideration of existing circumstances, and of the precedents of our country, undertaken the heavy burden and responsibility of the Regency.

It is my earnest intention to do henceforth what the Constitution and the laws of the country require; I expect that the Chambers will do likewise. All the documents relating to the Regency will be communicated by a special message to the united Chambers, and if required all further explanation deemed necessary shall be given.

The two gloomy aspects of present affairs is, in consequence of the King's illness, the higher the standard of Prussia must be raised, in the conscientious discharge of our duty and mutual confidence.

The first act of the Regent was the dismissal of a majority of the obnoxious Ministers, and the appointment of more popular men, and it is inferred that his Administration will be as judicious as that of his unfortunate brother was in its later years, unwise.

The Prince was born March 22d, 1797, and entered the army at a very early age. He was made ensign of the First Regiment of Royal Guards on his tenth birthday, and passed successively through the various grades of military rank until he became General, in 1816. In 1826 he was entrusted with the command of a corps d'armée. On the accession of his brother to the throne, in 1840, Frederic William Louis became Prince of Prussia, a title which is appropriated in Prussia to the heir presumptive. The heir-apparent to the throne, when one exists, is entitled the Crown Prince. On occasion of the outbreak in 1848, the Prince incurred much and, probably, undeserved unpopularity, which induced him to absent himself from Prussia, and to spend some months in England. In 1849 he headed the Prussian army, which was put in motion for the purpose of extinguishing the last ember of the revolution in Baden. Since 1850 he has lived in retirement.

His son, as is well known, married, on the 25th of January last the Princess Royal of England, who will probably be the next Queen of Prussia, as Prince Frederic William, her husband, is second in order of succession to the throne, and will follow his father, the present Regent, should he prove his survivor. The young Prince is about twenty-seven years of age, having been born on the 18th October, 1831. The Princess Victoria is considerably his junior. Her birth took place Nov. 21, 1840.

The Regent is married to Princess Maria Louisa Augusta Catharine, a daughter of the Grand Duke of Weimar. She was born on the 30th September, 1811, and is considered in Germany one of the most remarkable women who have been called to a throne. Her birth and education at such a court as that of Weimar, dedicated, under the influence of Schiller and Goethe and their worthy patron and friend, the Duke Charles Augustus, to the worship of art that is good and great, could not fail to exert an important influence on her character.

PATENT ELEVATOR AND OBSERVATORY.

We engrave an illustration of the new patent scaffolding which is coming into use for a variety of purposes. Like many other useful inventions, it grew out of the exigencies of the Russian War, when, during the siege of Sebastopol, a good deal of natural anxiety was felt to obtain a view of the interior of the enemy's works, and several plans to this effect were suggested, none of which were feasible. Two or three months before the town yielded to the Allied armies, Mr. Stocquer, the military writer, conceived that a machine constructed upon the principle of the "lazy tongs," with a vertical action, might be made available for carrying a person up to a considerable height, and at a safe distance, so as to afford a perfect view of the interior of the fortifications. He communicated his idea to Mr. W. B. Saunders; and the father of that gentleman, Mr. W. Saunders, formerly of Jersey, a remarkably ingenious person, hit upon the expedient of applying the "lazy tongs" principle in the manner shown in the accompanying engraving. It will be observed that a series of tiers of expanding laths, each lath six feet in length, worked by a wheel acting on a spindle, rises from the three sides of a triangular base, carrying up an individual, secured by a circular railing, to a height of fifty or even one hundred feet, according to the dimensions of the base. A model of the machine having been shown to Lord Panmure, the British War Minister, that nobleman, after taking the opinion of scientific officers, encouraged Messrs. Stocquer and Saunders to construct a machine, properly retaining his undertaking to become a purchaser on behalf of the Government until the promise of the model should be realized in the elevator itself. No time was lost by the projectors in commencing the construction of the machine. Several difficulties and obstacles presented themselves, but they were all surmounted by the energy of Mr. Saunders and the skill of Mr. Burley, the engineer—not, however, until Sebastopol had fallen. In the meanwhile, Messrs. Stocquer and Saunders patented their invention in England, France, Belgium, &c.; and it is now offered to the public for the various purposes to which it is applicable. Its utility in superceding scaffolding to a great degree is obvious. For clearing the inside of the roofs of churches, chapels, halls and museums; painting and repairing the frames of rooves, assisting firemen to direct the jets of water upon burning houses; facilitating reconnoissances and observations; rendering ladders and climbing unnecessary in gathering fruit, lopping the branches of tall trees, and watering conservatories; painting and caulking the sides of ships; in fact, for all purposes in which a certain elevation, without the expense and incumbrance of scaffolding, is requisite, this invention will prove of much value.

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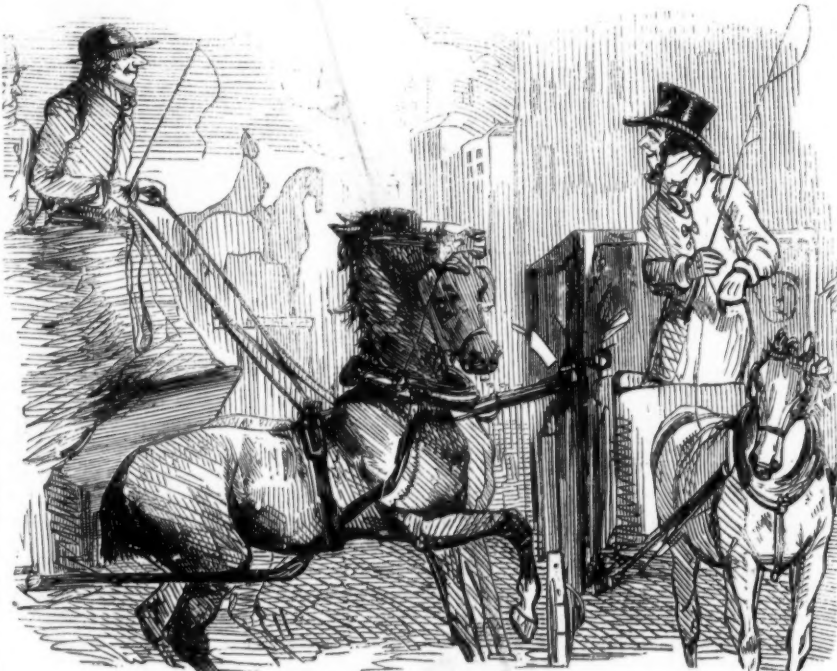
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NAVAL.—The "LINE OF BATTLE SHIP," Commodore Gleason, came into our port "by mail," on Saturday last, and took us all by surprise by her beautiful and majestic appearance. This new craft in the sea of literature establishes the fact beyond a doubt that her Commander is a true genius in the illustrated newspaper business, and every appearance indicates that she will make a fortune for him that will not be second to that acquired in his first enterprise. It is the largest pictorial newspaper published in the United States, and is sold at the low rate of four cents per copy.—Plymouth Rock.



SHOWING OFF HIS PACES.

Mr. Adolphus Shortlimb, having bought a high stepping horse, takes an early opportunity of riding past his Jemima's window. A rude boy on the sidewalk asks him why he don't shorten his stirrups?



Father Neptune uses the Atlantic Telegraph as a clothes line.